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THE SPHERE, JANUARY 20, 1940
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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, January 20, 1940

FINLAND IS HELPED BY THE FRIENDLY LAPPS

Who Turn Reindeer Skins into Coats for the Army

There is no doubt that Finland was materially aided during the first onset of the Russian attack by the efficient help of the Lapps and their reindeer, from which they are inseparable. When the Russians swooped upon Petsamo, the Lapps, to whom every yard of this tundra country is known, were ready with their reindeer-drawn sleighs to undertake the evacuation of all the smaller towns which lie to the south of the Petsamo inlet. A good many of the Lapps themselves moved southward, for though they are loyal to their Norwegian, Swedish, and Finnish rulers, they are apt to state boldly that they have no use for the Russians. This picture, recently taken by an English staff photographer in the northernmost region of Finland, shows two of the hardy Lapp women engaged in making reindeer skins into winter coats for the Finnish forest scouts. They are wearing their picturesque national dress and do not mind challenging southern convention by smoking their pipes

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THE SUNSHINE BREAKS THROUGH THE EVERGREEN TREES AS THESE CASUALTIES GO FOR A STROLL WITH NURSE

At a Royal naval hospital in England, Naval, Air Force and Army "casualties," that is, cases of sickness and accidents, are being nursed back to health under very pleasant conditions

32–34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4
Wednesday, January 17, 1940

REFLECTIONS ON MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

—The "first-class" sensation occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Belisha is dying down and we can get on with the war. Among my reflections have been these: It ought not to be necessary for a hard-worked Premier in a death-struggle for national survival to have to explain the why and wherefore of ministerial changes which he deems necessary, either to the public or to the Press or to Parliament, or to the neutrals. Not long since, the country with one voice gave Mr. Chamberlain a clear mandate to see this thing through, and here we have a section of the country taking the first opportunity to qualify and hedge about that mandate, to harass and impede him and to talk darkly of his resignation. It ought to be remembered in war-time how vital it is that there should be no clash of temperament between the political head and the senior serving or consultative soldiers at the War Office and the front. It ought to be remembered how in the late war Lord Kitchener's temperament was at variance for long months with the rest of the Cabinet and often with his army chiefs, and how the intrigues to be rid of him were a scandal distressing to the King, to Mr. Asquith, and to the country. We were spared that in the case of Mr. Belisha. The same change in this war was made, and mercifully made, swiftly, silently, and with no long campaigning of which the public was aware. Why should there be more notice taken of the dismissal of a Minister than of the ungumming of a Corps Commander?

RELATIVE VALUES.

—Does not an absurd halo nowadays surround a Minister? What is a Minister who reaches Cabinet rank? What scale of greatness does he attain? He is no greater a man and rises no higher than the head of a Government department or a Corps Commander or an Admiral—not so high indeed as a rule. His intellectual and educational attainments seldom equal those of a permanent secretary in the Civil Service. When he dies the D.N.B. does not bother to take notes of his career. He did his job well or badly, and he dies and is forgotten. He was just a man of average ability in his own field, a field or profession no higher than any learned profession. And so he was wont in old, dignified days to regard himself. He had no absurd idea that the public was for ever wanting to see his face or hear his voice or his views outside Parliament and his brief. But nowadays Ministers seem to regard their office as semi-divine and assume that the public wants to hear them on this and that, declaiming moral saws, urging us to be brave or patient or resolute or cheerful or more serious or what not. What is a Minister that we should so regard him? What is his place on the chessboard? He is surely not to be ranked higher than a bishop or knight or rook. Those who do their work well, as Mr. Belisha has, deserve well of their country and perhaps find a niche in history. Scores of them do neither and are forgotten as they deserve to be. The comings and goings of none of them matter. No man is indispensable. What matters in war and peace is smooth and easy working of the parts of the machine. Who dies if England live?

MR. BELISHA'S ARMY REFORMS.

—There is another thing about this Belisha business. In the luck of circumstances men often get the credit for work which others have done. Mr. Belisha has undoubtedly done good work at the War Office, and an immense amount of reform has taken place during his reign there. But to give him the entire personal credit for all the reforms carried out during his term of office is fair to none; neither to him nor to others. Radical, democratic and far-sighted as many of those reforms are, they had, most of them, been thought out and worked out and recommended by a strong committee which included some of those soldiers who are to-day loosely classed as "the old gang." I have often wondered why the recommendations of the Willingdon Committee (for such I think it was) have never been published, though now getting on for two years old. I think it would clear the air and clear our minds of cant and misconception if those recommendations were published now. The publication might prove to us a profound truth that great reforms and new inventions are nearly always the work not of one mind or one man but of many minds and men working over a long period.

MINISTERIAL WARNINGS.

—In a fine speech at the Mansion House Mr. Chamberlain opened the gates to a flood of ministerial oratory planned for the following days. The setting was the splendid setting of traditional public pronouncements by Ministers in the City. The big-wigs sat around. Mr. Chamberlain told us nothing new. He did not enlarge on a catalogue of achievements, because he is well aware of another "vicious circle" besides the spiral of rising wages and rising prices—that vicious circle engendered by the need of keeping the public cheerful and at the same time jolting it out of complacency. So he warned us of the horrors and sacrifices to come. The worst is yet to be. Are we complacent? Do we look hopefully to the immediate or more remote future? Speak for yourself. I feel anything but complacent, and as regards the economic future I sometimes marvel

A WAR

at the comparative complacency of the Government, when I consider the various fields which come to notice from time to time wherein still money is being poured out on schemes and works which war-time and our financial position cannot possibly justify, and when I hear of notorious examples of unchecked waste under ostensible control. And do we doubt that bitter experiences, terrible losses and tremendous sacrifices are coming to us if the war is fought out to the end, sacrifices which will restrict and embitter the lives, not only of our own generation, but that which follows it? We cannot doubt it. We know in our hearts that unless the German people can be brought to realise that the Nazi Government and that alone stands in the way of early and lasting peace, and swiftly acts upon that knowledge, there will be no lasting peace and no life worth living for civilisation for another generation to come. To achieve that should be the first, last and only object of the Government's propaganda campaign. We are all heading for bankruptcy, and whatever come, there are years stretching ahead before we can hope to see results even from clear thinking and Christian efforts to remake a happier world. We are fighting for our existence, opposing one small clique possessed of vast resources in trained slave-power.

COMPLACENT? NO.

—While the danger remains, we enjoy a party truce. But even while the truce persists, the party spirit smoulders, and occasionally bursts out. We need not read history, we can rely on still vivid memory to know that, when this war ends or before, the same theories which dominated post-war politics after the last war will dominate them again. The lesson learned from utterly unstinted Government expenditure on a war effort was not, and will not again be, the vital necessity for retrenchment and economy but the idea that our resources are proved inexhaustible and must continue to be drained until Utopian standards of luxury for all are attained, which at the best they can never be since those standards are constantly adjusted still higher. Mr. Chamberlain is well aware that this great ideal can never be banished from the minds of those who represent the interests of the working classes and efforts directed to its fulfilment will not be postponed even in the face of economic impossibility. It was those representatives to whom his warning was addressed, but the term complacency hardly covers

A NEW FOREST HORSE CLUB GETS HORSE-USERS TOGETHER IN THESE PETROL-SHORTAGE DAYS

The New Forest Cavaliers Driving Club has been formed as a result of the present petrol shortage. Members have brought out all kinds of horse vehicles which have not seen service for many years

NEWSLETTER —No. XX

or clearly defines their fixed belief and unshakable determination. No, we are none of us complacent; we are philosophic, calm and resolute and sad. If the war ended next month, we know what lies ahead and it does not encourage us to smile. We most of us need neither to be encouraged to endure with resolution nor to be shaken out of complacency. We want to see the war, while it continues, conducted in silent efficiency, with iron control of needless expenditure and iron control over waste and redundancy, with a little more evidence of, and a little less blather by junior Ministers about, "trusting the great British people."

NEUTRALS AND PEACE —A FOOTNOTE.—As a footnote to my last week's argument that the best hope for the neutrals to play a great part in making a permanent settlement of Europe lies in present and not future action, I append a brief further explanatory argument. The point which strikes me so sharply is this: If the neutrals withhold their effort until vast losses have been sustained on both sides, the bitter spirit which created Versailles will once more govern the policy and actions of the victors who, with a mighty war machine still in being and fully mobilised, while burning with indignation for their losses, will take the matter of peace settlement out of the cooler hands of neutrals and may not be able to conclude that "ideal" peace of which they now speak. There is sense in that argument and a vast deal of historical analogy. This is what history tells us: It took a full six years after the Armistice before France (to take France as an example) could be brought to "think European"—so bitter was her spirit at the outrages committed upon her, so deep was her anxiety for her future safety. Those words of M. Briand's wrung from him when the Locarno treaties had been achieved, deserve to be remembered by all neutral idealists. He said "At Locarno we spoke European, a new language which we certainly ought to learn." Mark those words, "a *new* language which we ought to *learn*." It wasn't learned—though that is not the immediate point. The immediate point is that it was *new* and *unlearned* still six years after the Armistice and, if this war goes to the same bitter conclusion, assuredly it will not be talked for six years after this next armistice. It wasn't learned after Locarno, and Locarno failed. The League held out no welcoming arms to Germany, she came in on sufferance. "She wooed Geneva in vain." Stresemann died, a bitter loss to Europe. There was no disarmament, and in 1933 the Nazi tyranny had risen to power to combat Communism and despair in the Reich and to shatter all hopes of European peace for a generation and until after another ordeal by battle. If this be not an object lesson of history for the neutral Great Powers, then history is rubbish.

"ESCAPE" AND ESCAPE LITERATURE.—I was reconsidering that remarkable book *Escape*, by Ethel Vance (whoever she or he may be). It is an unpleasant, grim story, with no sympathetic character and a not very probable plot. Yet it has that rare merit (first attributed to one of the first novelists, Defoe, when he published *Robinson Crusoe*) that it compels every reader to read it as a true story of actual happenings to real people. Now, that power to create the impression of truth and reality from an invented plot and fictional characters is not an essential condition in the writing of a great novel. Jane Austen, Dickens, Thackeray, and Stevenson created characters which have become human personalities and part of our heritage. But of those four only Thackeray had the power attributed to Defoe. We do not, when we read *Pride and Prejudice* or *Pickwick* or *The Master of Ballantrae* persuade ourselves that "it all really happened," though we constantly note the genius shown in depicting essential human nature. There are not very many great books (and I am not saying that *Escape* is a great novel) that reveal this power. *Robinson Crusoe* is one, the first part of *John Inglesant*, *Vanity Fair*, and *Esmond* are others. It is an excrescence, not an essential condition in the creation of a "classic." One can say for *Escape* that it tells one more of the essential truth about Nazism than one can gather from a study of contemporary history or a dozen *Inside Germany's*.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN ANNOUNCED AT THE MANSION HOUSE LAST WEEK THAT GREATER DEMANDS WILL BE MADE ON CIVILIANS AND THAT WAGES AND PRICES MUST NOT RISE IN A FATAL SPIRAL

The Prime Minister, in his general survey of the war situation, delivered at the Mansion House last week, foreshadowed some hard conditions to come for the civilian forces on the home front. On the platform were: The Lord Mayor, Sir William Coxen, Mrs. Chamberlain, Lord Bicester, Sir John Simon, Alderman Lord Ebbisham, Sir Robert Kindersley, Cardinal Hinsley, Mr. S. Waterson, High Commissioner for South Africa, Mr. V. Massey, High Commissioner for Canada, and Mr. S. M. Bruce, High Commissioner for Australia

A PROUD LOWLAND SCOTTISH MOTHER WITH HER FIVE SONS

A few days ago the five sons of Mrs. Riddle, of Newburgh, Fife, returned home on leave and were photographed in a group with their happy mother. Fifeshire is, of course, proud of this patriotic record

MEATLESS DAYS.—Germany has her meatless days. So has France. It would be a sensible and, in my view, a health-giving decision if Britain followed suit on a national basis—by order. Cooking is, after all, not a question of materials but of imagination. In peace-time we do not go to France to find good materials for cooking but to revel in the ingenuities of born cooks. Our meat beats French meat any day, but until quite recently the British notion of cooking comprised and was defined by the dressing of meats of various kinds. The French peasant works and has worked harder than the British agricultural labourer on a quarter of his meat ration, and in the last decade even in Britain we have adjusted some of our ideas about the relative vitamin and calorific values of different foods. I am often revolted by the B.B.C. announcer's sneering voice when he retails German menus. Apart from the execrable taste of such a tone of voice, one blushes for the evidence of British obstinacy. It is the old idea that blood-red beef alone can make an Englishman work. If a man and an Englishman cannot put in a sustained effort from a day's fare produced from herrings, eggs, oatmeal, potatoes, milk, and four kinds of vegetables, the fault lies not with his bodily but with his mental resources; or he was unfortunate in his marriage.

ABSENT - MINDED.—Some industrious M.P. of an inquisitive turn might do worse than ask the question in Parliament as to the number of important or secret documents left in and stolen from cars or left in taxis and trains by officials of the Civil Service and others in the past year. Hardly a week has passed but one has read of such losses, the result of criminal carelessness. If it were a loss by a bank official, he would probably be sacked. It seems odd that important and secret documents should continually be entrusted to persons so little capable of ordinary precautions and so little fit to manage their private affairs. The bank messenger carries his bag on a chain attached to his wrist, though he is not likely to forget his trust. The civil servant or confidential agent, entrusted with highly secret documents, needs the chain far more. He is a nuisance to Scotland Yard and a danger to his country. For him it should be the chained bag—or the sack.

SPRING IN WINTER.—Any warm or sunny day in January may bring the sudden divine surprises which herald spring. They are ephemeral manifestations and mean very little, for spring often trails its feet in winter snow at the end of April, three and a half months ahead of us. But on January 8 the first notes of the chaffinch in song were clearly heard. All January the bullfinch has been heard if not seen. The sunshine—we have enjoyed a marvellous ration of it—has brought out the vivid colours of bird plumage. The snowdrops are out, and the crocuses are showing green, and the blue of the sky is spring blue. The war may be yet to come. Spring makes its worst horrors possible, and winter is a good friend to Britain in war; at any rate to non-combatants. But, and this is burnt on my experience, the smiles of nature soften the agonies and relieve the boredom of war as no other distraction can.

THE OLD STAGER

A KALEIDOSCOPE

IN LONDON

Queen Mary, facing the weather in black astrakhan, paid a visit to the Middlesex Hospital and inspected a number of wards. The officials and staff were delighted to have the opportunity of welcoming Her Majesty

VOLUNTEERS LEAVE SWEDEN

IN EAST SCOTLAND

The crew of the trawler *William Ivey* of North Shields, attacked by a Nazi bomber 60 miles off the Scottish coast. The crew of nine were picked up by the steam trawler *William Purdie*, which came to the rescue after hand flares had been set off. The bomber dropped twelve bombs and machine-gunned the deck. In the picture are the skippers of both trawlers. Centre right, G. Florence, of the *William Ivey*; and centre left, G. Wiseman, of the *William Purdie*

VOLUNTEERS LEAVE NORWAY

IN BLACKPOOL

The continued evacuation of ministries has aroused a great deal of differing opinion. The married folk and girls in many cases vigorously disagree with the process of evacuation and all it entails. But they carry on as cheerfully as they can once ensconced at Blackpool or wherever it is. Here is Mr. Walter Elliot chatting to Ministry of Health girls while at work

IN BELGIUM

OF NEWS at Home and Abroad

Volunteers have been leaving Sweden for Finland in batches during the past fortnight. The authorities underline the fact that the movement is entirely a voluntary one; they assert, too, that they cannot repress expressions of opinion in their own press

The first company of volunteers from Norway left Oslo last week to fight for Finland against the Russians. They have been recruited from well-known Norwegian sharpshooters, ski-ers, and sportsmen, some of them having international reputations. They are wearing the famous Norwegian rucksack which enables them to carry a full week's ration yet retain freedom of movement

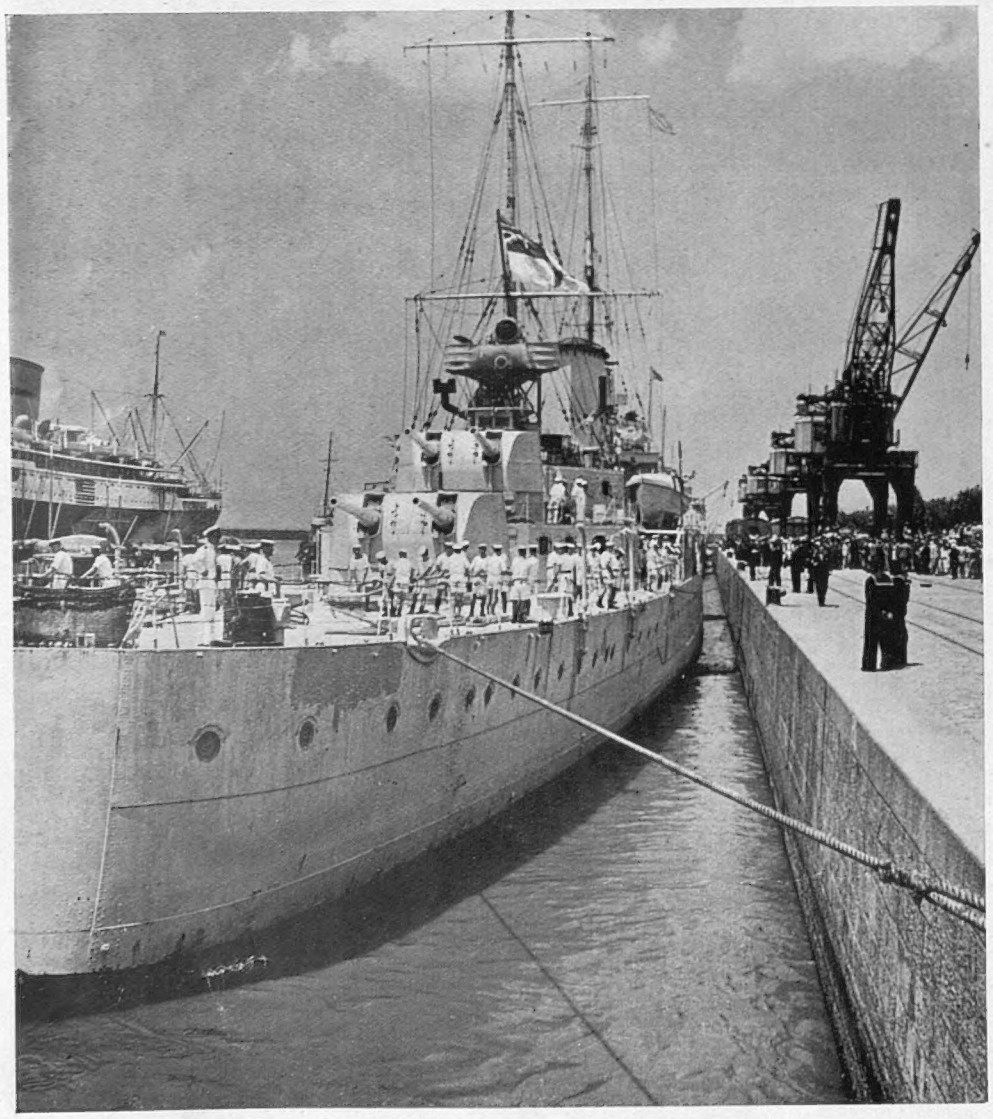
The scene at the funeral of a British airman at Liége was an impressive one in its wintry setting. The airman was the wireless operator Harris, of the R.A.F., who was killed when his plane crashed in Belgium near the German frontier. Belgian soldiers carried the draped coffin

IN DENMARK It is not possible for the neutrals to detach themselves altogether from war reactions. Three bombs were dropped on the Danish island of Romo on the west coast of Sonder-Jutland on January 10. They shattered some nearby windows. The Air Ministry stated that should it be established that British aircraft were responsible, full restitution would be made. The master of mails of Romo island is seen standing in the crater caused by one of the bombs

IN RUMANIA South-eastern Europe has been holding the attention to a great extent and notably King Carol of Rumania's visit to Chisinau (Kishineff) on the Soviet border in Bessarabia. The visit was the third of a series to his troops. At a reception at the Third Army Corps headquarters King Carol made an important speech in which he warned aggressors that Rumania would vigorously defend Bessarabia

STRUCK AS SHE WAS LEAVING FOR THE CAPE WITH PASSENGERS AND CARGO: THE "DUNBAR CASTLE" AS SHE NOW APPEARS

The liner had her back broken by a mine only a few hours after she had set out for South Africa. Nearly everyone was saved



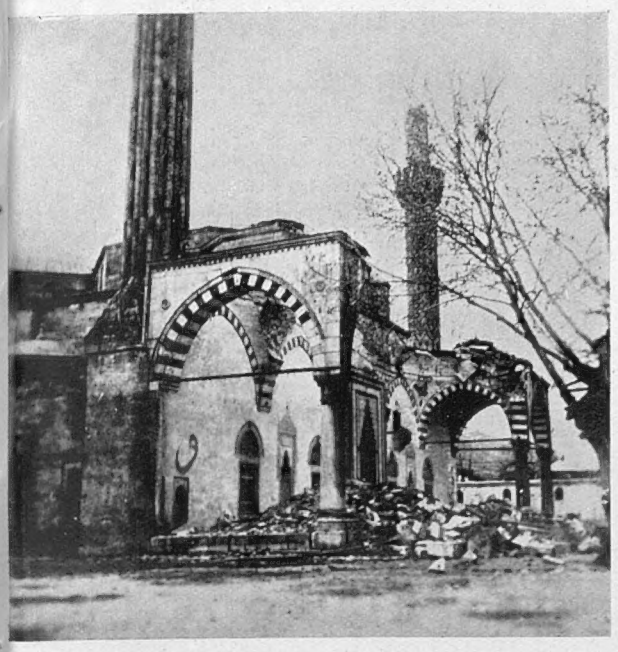
A BRAVE FIGHTER IN THE THREE-CRUISER NAVAL BATTLE OFF THE RIVER PLATE VISITED THE ARGENTINE CAPITAL AND THERE RECEIVED A GREAT WELCOME, EXEMPLIFYING THE FEELINGS OF A GREAT PART OF SOUTH AMERICA

The *Achilles'* after guns looked very smart in a coat of new paint. The vessel's wounds were visible in places but were also made inconspicuous

THE POLISH SUBMARINE "WILK" IN PORT, WITH HER COMPANION, THE "ORZEL," IN BACKGROUND

After a remarkable experience when they left their base at Gdynia, two Polish submarines, the *Orzel* and *Wilk*, have now arrived safely in a British port. They had some desperate adventures in the Baltic

NEWS FROM THE SEA AND FROM STRICKEN TURKEY

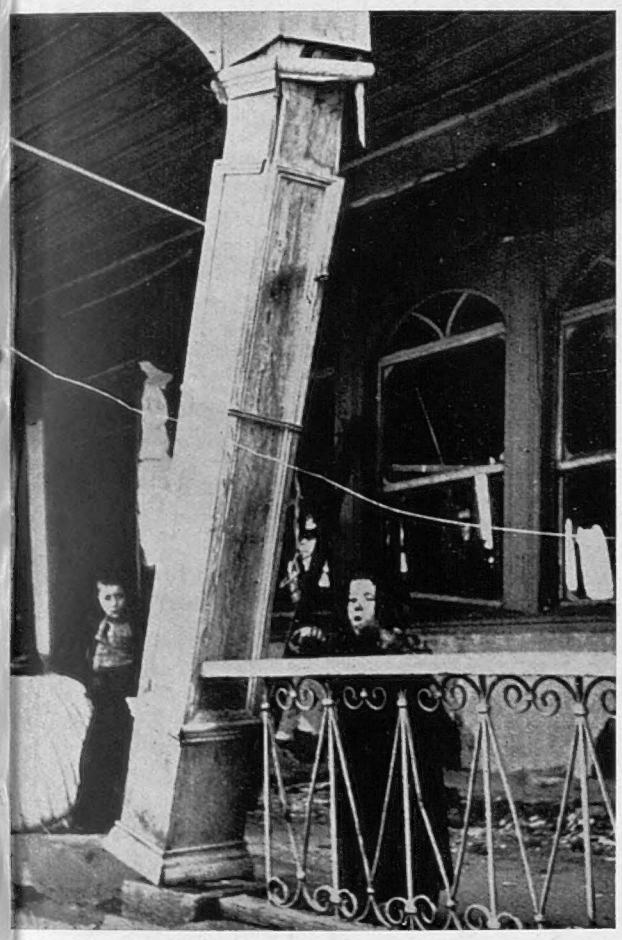


IN THE AREA OF EXTREME SHOCK LAY THE TOWN OF AMAZIA

Two minarets are standing in spite of the damage done to the lower domes and arcades

A HOUSE IN ERZINDJAN COLLAPSES IN A STRANGE MANNER

This house seems to have collapsed on itself. The roof and upper story have crushed the lower one, so that the windows have been obliterated



WAITING TO BE TAKEN TO A REFUGEE CENTRE

Two little girls standing within the verandah of the Mayor of Erzindjan's house, by the side of a leaning wooden pillar

PRESIDENT INÖNÜ WAS SOON ON THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER SEEING FOR HIMSELF WHERE MOST AID WAS REQUIRED

In the centre of the group, in black overcoat, is the Turkish President. The weather conditions have proved very severe, snow blocking the lines and hampering the swift arrival of relief trains

SUFFERERS BY THE EARTHQUAKE SAT NEAR THEIR WRECKED HOMES WAITING FOR AID

The suddenness of the disaster left thousands without the means of getting away to relatives or friends. Urgent relief had to be rushed to the badly-stricken areas

THOUSANDS WERE RENDERED HOMELESS BY THE COMPLETE WRECK OF THEIR HOMES, OFTENTIMES LITTLE HOUSES OF LIGHT CONSTRUCTION

A distressing feature of the Turkish earthquake has been the renewal of quakes from time to time after the passing of the first violent shocks. A large number of rivers overflowed

THE VALUE OF HITLER'S ALLY EXPOSED

The Finns have Proved that Russia will be of Little Use to Germany (The Strategy of the War—XVII)

By GENERAL SIR CHARLES HARINGTON, G.C.B., G.B.E., D.S.O., D.C.L.

BEFORE commencing to write on what we call "our war," I must refer, as I said last week, to two other big events, firstly the tragedy in Turkey and secondly the heroic defence of the Finns. It is gratifying to read of the sympathy and practical help which is being furnished on all sides to the Turks, and it is equally pleasing to be able to record the continued success which is attending the superhuman efforts of the Finns. They appear to have almost annihilated a whole Russian corps—two whole divisions. We have all been taught that the real winning factor in war is surprise. It is very seldom that it comes off. It has certainly come off this time. The Russians no doubt thought that the domination of Finland would just follow in due course on their domination of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania, but what a surprise they have got!

HOLLAND PREPARES

The large areas of Holland which were flooded recently as a defence measure by order of the military authorities were frozen over last week and on them the Dutch soldiers have been holding their exercises. The men are expert skaters, and an invading army would find insurmountable obstacles in transporting men and material over such country

This gallant little country Finland just said to the Russians: "You may boast about your 180,000,000 while we have only 4,000,000, but you don't run your steam-roller over us!" It is a glorious page of history. Whether in the Petsamo region, the Salla region, or the Suomussalmi region it is the same. There can be no doubt that the name of Field-Marshal Mannerheim will rightly go down to history as a very great personality. He is seventy-three years of age and I am told does not look a day over fifty. He has had a wonderful and varied career; whether leading troops in the field as a cavalry commander, or dealing with the settlement of his country as a statesman, or looking to the future of his country both within and beyond its frontiers, he has always gained the respect of all by his good sense and inspiring personality.

I am not in a position to comment on the strength of the Mannerheim Line, but that there is a Mannerheim Line and that it carries the name of this great soldier and statesman is in itself an inspiration to those who are holding it so gallantly at this moment.

The Finns are on top. They are harassing these Russians, surrounding them, cutting their communications, routing them at every turn and just breaking their spirit. It is inspiring to think of those Finns on their skis going hundreds of miles and for a time destroying the Russian lines of communication and their sole method of food supply. One reads that better Russian troops are being brought up; that is probably true, but want of food will affect any troops, the best as well as the worst.

I am very ready to admit that I was one of those who said that the affair of Russia and Finland was no concern of ours, and that after the last war I have the greatest horror of detachments; we suffered too much from that fatal policy. Whilst I am no supporter of sending troops to fight in conditions under which they could hardly exist, I am strongly in favour of sending to Finland every kind of help in material which we can provide, and of urging everyone else to do the same. In my opinion this glorious bang in the face to the Russians may have a very far-reaching effect on the whole war. It has not only brought Russia up with a real surprise but it cannot fail to have given Hitler a good shock. But what is far more important is that it must have given new life, determination, and energy to Norway, Sweden, Holland, and Belgium. They will be saying to themselves: "If we stand firm we will stop this evil." In my opinion Hitler and Stalin have had a real setback.

It is reasonable to suppose that they made some sort of agreement that the North Sea was theirs. Hitler may have agreed to Stalin taking Finland, Norway, and Sweden, and for himself to be content with Holland and Belgium as good jumping-off places for England, but it must become each day more clear to Hitler that he will get the worst of any such agreement. He may be nearer England, but with Russia in charge of the Baltic his stocks would go down—a long way down. He must often say to himself, "Why did I ask this fellow to come along with me? He really hasn't done me much good so far. He cannot beat the Finns. I had to postpone my intention of going through Holland. He lost me the friendship of Italy, Spain, and Japan. His aggression has caused all the states in south-eastern Europe to sit up and say that they must look to the future."

It all brings Hitler back to his main problem—How to defeat France and England. There are four ways, and four ways only, by which he can do that: (1) By sea, (2) by land, (3) by air, (4) economically—blockade and starvation. After four and a half months of war he has not much to write up on his credit side under any of the above headings. There are, however, a lot of entries on his debit side, and there is one big item which he knows he ought to enter but hesitates to do so and that is the fact of his enemies, the French and British nations, being absolutely united and determined to knock him and his friends and their methods right out.

He must realise day by day that his propaganda cuts less and less ice. All his efforts to win the French away from us failed completely. The only result has been that our two nations are now closer together than ever before in their history. This fact does not pass unnoticed by the smaller nations. They will have been particularly interested in Mr. Chamberlain's hint of a possible means of securing an equitable settlement of the future world peace when this grim struggle is over.

I attended a very interesting lecture given by Rosita Forbes at Eastbourne a few days ago. For some years before this war she used to meet Hitler, Göring, Goebbels, Stalin, Ataturk, Inönü, Mussolini and others. She gave accounts of various conversations she had had with them and of the impressions she had gained. She formed the opinion that Hitler has two sides to his character—one which can, or could, be quite reasonable, and the other (which is turned on full now) in which he stops at nothing and in which the truth is completely absent. At such times nothing that he has said when previously reasonable counts at all; he talks quite a different language. She described him as a good organiser who goes into great detail over anything in which he is interested. There was a great deal in her remark, also borne out by Sir Nevile Henderson in his report, that Hitler had never travelled or seen anything of the world outside Germany, with the exception of one visit to Italy. Had he done so it would probably have given him another picture.

The past week has been marked by the clear and inspiring speech of the Prime Minister. Every word good for the nation to hear; every word good for other nations to hear. He made it quite clear that our whole Empire and the French nation are quite determined to see their job through to the finish. Hitler, possibly guided by Von Ribbentrop's advice that we would never fight under any circumstances, is now up against a very different problem.

For weeks we have been saying that nothing can happen till the spring, and now the spring is approaching; we are over half-way through January. Hitler's recent efforts of machine-gunning reliefs to lightships will not carry him very far. Such efforts are comparable to anyone who tortures a bird in a cage. They are despicable, and only just worse than attacks on harmless fishermen. This sort of villainy is going to take him nowhere. He has shortly to come out into the open. He has said a lot. He has made endless speeches threatening death and destruction to anyone who stood in his way. France and the British Empire now stand firmly in his way. What is he going to do about it? He has to do something soon and quite soon. Is he going to overrun Holland and Belgium? If he does he will find far more opposition than he expects. Is he going to go straight at the Maginot Line? It is too much to hope for. Is he going off to south-eastern Europe? He dare not do so. There are a lot of formidable people behind the Maginot Line who might advance if he weakened his defence of the Siegfried Line and he would then most certainly find himself in "Queer Street."

In my opinion his problem increases daily. At sea his chances diminish daily. In the air he can record but few successes. On the economic and blockade front we have nothing to fear.

We have to be on constant guard during the next two or three months for Hitler may press the button and let everything loose. This will be horrible, but it will be faced with courage and it will most certainly be a sign of the end. He will never survive to press the button a second time.

I am glad to see that an amicable arrangement has been reached with regard to the control by the Army of the aeroplanes required for its own use. I am sure that this will be of great advantage to the Army in its future fighting. This is a very old story. A bitter tussle was going on in 1920 between the War Office and the Air Ministry. Some very acid minutes passed between Sir Henry Wilson, then C.I.G.S., and Air Chief Marshal (now Lord) Trenchard. The latter, aided by much political backing, eventually won. It had an interesting sequel, as only two years later when a substantial Air Force was sent out to Turkey, Lord Trenchard wired to me and put it directly under my command.

It was pleasing to me to see that the first honour for gallantry on the Western Front has been awarded to Captain Barclay of the Royal Norfolk Regiment. He is a young officer who served under me at Gibraltar—a most attractive personality who hunted and played polo, very popular with everyone, and I think extremely bored with regimental soldiering, but of the type who in war wins a Victoria Cross or similar honour. He was beloved by his men, who would follow him anywhere, as is proved by Lance-Corporal Davies of the same regiment. It is these players of games who count in war; they will not let the side down. It is a real joy to me to think that the first great honour of the war in the Army has been won by a real sportsman.

A PRISONER OF FRANCE

A RANKING GERMAN OFFICER MAKES HIS REPORT

Drawn by F. Matania

Although the number of prisoners taken by either side is not great, a few German prisoners are taken from time to time as the results of the patrol forays in wooded ground. They are taken before the military authorities and interrogated, and are then passed back to detention camps, where they are well treated. They receive all the gifts sent to them by relatives and friends. In the case shown above the prisoner was a ranking officer

NOT ANCHORED IN HARBOUR, but out on the grey waters of the north—the Home Fleet at sea

THE BATTLESHIPS ARE ON PATROL—there is no "rusting" in harbour these days—and here H.M.S. *Ramillies* is seen steaming by, while below is another famous ship, H.M.S. *Barham*, creating a deal of white water all round her mighty hull

A TOWN AFLOAT

Described by One Who Has Lived in More than One of Them

IN no village, and in few small towns, can one find the varied activities or such a high general standard of comfort as exist in the modern man-o'-war. The varied activities—which include such things as bakeries, blacksmiths, coppersmiths, carpenters, electricians, fitters of all kinds—are all "service" work, carried out in working hours, for which the rating receives his appropriate daily pay from the paymaster. There are, however, a few "private" enterprises carried out on board ship, for the powers that be have not yet catered for all the services required by modern civilised man.

Crude sick quarters, the "cockpit" of Nelson's days, have become a little, well-found hospital, manned by expert sick-berth attendants under the charge of medical officers. The dental surgery on board ship is as well equipped and efficient as any to be seen on shore.

As living conditions improved and under the pressure of ever-increasing mechanisation, a greater variety of specialists were needed.

From ancient times orders on board ship have been "piped." The thin, shrill note of the bos'n's "call" or "pipe" (a weird-looking little whistle) calls attention to the "word being passed"—the order—which follows.

To the modern seaman the pipe "Hands make and mend clothes" means that he has been given a half-holiday. Time was when that pipe was obeyed in its literal sense. Until quite recently the sailor made most of his clothes; he certainly mended them. Half a day a week was set aside for making and mending, during which time no routine ship's work was carried out unless absolutely necessary.

Naturally enough, some seamen and stokers, and marines too, were better needle-men than their shipmates. These used to take on tailoring work for their messmates, banding themselves together into small tailoring firms (with official permission) and so adding a little to their service pay. At the same time they enabled their less skilled, or more lazy, companions to "get their heads down" or otherwise enjoy themselves on a make-and-mend afternoon, and still keep their kits up to date and their uniforms in good repair.

With the introduction of ready-made clothing supplied (on repayment) by the paymaster's store and the improvement in the rating's pay, which enables him to go ashore for the purchase and repair of his clothes, these little tailoring firms are becoming rarer. But they still exist, and possibly war-time conditions will return to them some of their lost importance.

The man afloat needs services besides those of a tailor. His hair will need cutting from time to time, and at interval-

"The Vessels of the Home Fleet are Constantly at Sea"

IN BATTLE GREY, the big ships are out on what the enemy likes to call "the German Ocean"—H.M.S. *Nelson* leading

his boots and shoes will require repair. There is also the need for laundry work.

As you wander round a ship during non-working hours, you may see in some space, technically known as a "flat," two or three men of different branches of the service working together at the same civilian occupation.

A seaman is busy with needle and thread while his stoker partner is working a sewing-machine with the dexterity of an accomplished seamstress. Nearby, the third member of the firm, a burly marine, is darning socks with a skill surpassing that of many women. Not far away, in a casemate, is a "snob," repairing boots and shoes. It is impossible to say, at a glance, to which branch of the service he belongs as he works away in his shirt sleeves and a long apron. He may be a cook or some artisan rating during "working hours."

Tucked away in odd corners you will come across barbers plying their trade. Here is a signalman shaving a shipmate: there a cook is trimming up a seaman's beard, though this is seldom seen to-day for the bearded mariner has become very rare. And if you were to glance into some officer's cabin, you might well see the occupant being given a haircut as neat as any he could obtain on shore.

Watchmakers and jewellers are to be found among the average ship's company. My most treasured possession, a silver cigarette case, was engraved with my initials by a rating when I was serving as a midshipman in H.M.S. Lion, *in 1917. It is a beautiful piece of work.*

If work and the services supplying material comforts were the only activities on board, Jack would soon become a dull boy. But you will find in every ship the counterparts to nearly every social activity and recreation met with on shore.

Every ship has her entertainments committee, who organise concerts and theatricals and run various competitions and whist drives and an occasional ship's dance when possible. Other committees organise the various sports: the regatta, football, cricket, boxing and running.

Ships carry a good equipment of gymnastic appliances: they carry, too, good libraries, and to-day many have their own "talkies" outfit. Wherever a ship may be, whatever the climate or season of the year, her crew can find amusement and recreation and lead a contented, if rather monastic, life.

To all intents and purposes a man-o'-war is a town-ship, though in some ways a queer one. In all its spaces and thoroughfares one cannot find one's favourite "local," with the oldest inhabitant sitting in an inglenook close to an open hearth, smoking a well worn and blackened "churchwarden." It is a township where no woman is to be seen, and where the patter of children's feet is not known, while among its myriad sounds there is never heard the music of childish laughter.

H.M.S. "HOOD" IS TURNING, and following her is H.M.S. *Renown*. *Below*—December and January are months when those who seek a quiet life would not be out with the big ships. There is a nasty sea running towards the shore in the scene shown below

THE SHIPPING MINISTRY

And its Work in Unifying the Efforts of Our Mercantile Marine

By NOEL THOMPSON

THE recent announcement that the Ministry of Shipping is extending its policy of requisitioning merchant ships from the shipping companies and employing them entirely under its own direction came as no surprise to the majority of men in the shipping world. Most of them knew, and many feared, that it must come.

The latter dread the thought that when the war is over these preliminary measures may have proved the first steps towards the nationalisation of our mercantile fleet, and they point to the disastrous effects of nationalisation in Australia and the United States.

Others point out that in time of war unification of control is essential. In short, where every ton of cargo space is important it is incredibly wasteful for one ship to be coming from a port in Canada with only a half cargo and a second similarly only half laden to be sailing from a port 300 miles away, neither knowing of the other's whereabouts, since they belong to different companies. In the same way, a case occurred of a vessel, peculiarly suited and most economically run with heavy loads, finding its return cargo was bulky but light. And at the same port were urgent heavy stores which the Government required. In this case the Government was able to step in and rush their heavy cargo home by priority.

It was at the beginning of December that the Ministry of Shipping, at the request of the Ministry of Food, started to requisition ships for carrying full cargoes of cereals on the North Atlantic route, and this has now been extended to carrying oil seeds, sugar, iron ore, and other essential metals.

The position is that the owners provide the crew and upkeep of the vessel, and also co-operate with their special knowledge of the best way their ships can be operated, while the Ministry pay an agreed charter fee, and knowing where the cargoes are to be found (those most urgently needed), arrange for the ship management, and a quick turn round.

All ships on the United Kingdom register and colonial registers are on February 1 to come under this requisitioning scheme. The companies will then operate the ships under Government orders as to route and cargoes, while maintaining their organisations at home and abroad; but profit and losses on the voyage will be on the Government account.

"In short," a spokesman at the Ministry of Shipping told me, "it is a question of cutting out waste and applying ships where they are most needed. Every lesson learned in the last war is being used. Our plans were made over two years ago."

Before examining the position of our Merchant Navy, a word or two about the Ministry. The youngest of our war ministries was set up on October 13, with Sir John Gilmour, a former Home Secretary, unexpectedly put in charge. Sir Arthur Salter is the Parliamentary Secretary, and many of the leading men in the shipping industry are giving their brains and experience.

For such an enormously important ministry it has remained remarkably silent, perhaps because of the tradition of the sea, but there are so many reassuring facts available that I think tradition might be broken. After all, Mr. Winston Churchill has shown the way at the Admiralty.

The nucleus of the Ministry was a department of the Board of Trade. To them goes the very considerable credit of planning, with the War Office and the Admiralty, the conveying of the British Expeditionary Force overseas. I think these figures are new—namely, that 174 ships of various shapes, types and tonnage were needed and more than 400 voyages were made to France without a hitch. Needless to say, this work still continues.

With the setting up of the Ministry there had to be an expansion beyond the staff of 515 employed at the department at the Board of Trade. The latest figures showed that apart from cleaners and messengers the staff was 822, of whom 699 were civil servants. Forty of the balance were the shipping experts of whom I have already spoken, who were nominated well before the war.

I wish it were possible to obtain, or if obtained to publish, round figures of our shipbuilding programme to replace sunk or obsolete ships. I am assured that they would be most encouraging, but officialdom forbids. I can say that our shipyards have never been so busy; that the Tyne, the Clyde, Belfast, and other centres are successfully working overtime, and that with our financial reserves we can always purchase or charter from neutral countries whatever we desire. In fact, the neutrals, with doubled freight rates, are doing very nicely, thank you.

If we take into account the British tonnage which, since the war, has been completed in our yards, and add to that 119,377 tons of captured (not scuttled) German ships, the war balance is not unfavourable. In fact, as one expert put it, "British tonnage has not suffered the depletion in four months that was feared in the most optimistic circles, while the pessimists have been confounded."

The latest figures I have are that the Allies have lost 502,709 tons, of which the Polish *Pilsudski* represents 14,294 tons; the French share is 56,106, and ours 432,309. The most unlucky individual firm has been T. and J. Brocklebank, Ltd., who in the first three months lost by mines and torpedoes the *Manaar*, *Magdapur*, *Malabar*, *Matra*, and *Mangalore*, totalling 40,746 tons.

THE TYPE OF MEN WHO GUARD OUR MERCHANT FLEET Nazi ruthlessness in attacking unarmed merchantmen has brought a speedy response from Britain. This man is typical of those who help to bring this country's food safely to port. He is seen at the sights of a newly-fitted gun which he is ready to operate the moment hostile aircraft come into view

DOING HER BEST TO KEEP UP A sailor on board a British destroyer on convoy work signalling a lagging merchant ship to pick up speed and keep her place with the rest of the convoy

BLACKBOARD INSTRUCTIONS A sailor on a British warship escorting a convoy of food ships telling the captain of a vessel of an alteration of course. The information is written in large letters on a board

Having reviewed the lost tonnage—and it must be remembered that this represents four months of indiscriminate sinkings, one quarter of which occurred in the first fortnight—we can look farther back to the past and towards the future. And it is in the future that the greatest task of the Ministry of Shipping lies, a task which has been made heavier by the refusal of successive Governments since the last war to help the shipping industry.

In 1914 the British Empire owned 45 per cent. of the world's shipping. In 1939 it owned only 30·5 per cent. If we take ocean-going vessels only (that is, over 2,000 tons) we own only 34·8 per cent as compared with 52·1 per cent. in 1914. These are official and warning figures as given by Mr. Robertson F. Gibb, President of the Chamber of Shipping.

Our tonnage has barely increased, whereas that of the rest of the world has grown by more than 18,000,000 tons. That is why, while we are at war and in danger of losing more ships, the Ministry of Shipping must be planning not only to replace them but to be in a position for peace-time trade as first mercantile nation in the world, a position neutrals will be anxious to assail.

As for profiteering in shipping, there was in the last war profit to be made, especially in the early months. Sir Arthur Salter makes a rough estimate that in the first twenty-six months the profit to British shipping was £262,000,000, while ships appreciated in value from £175,000,000 to £500,000,000. But at the end the industry was much poorer than when it started, and this time there is nothing like the same financial reserve among the companies to replace and renew. And Government requisitioning will prevent big profits.

The above figures and facts will give some indication of the great job which Sir John Gilmour and his experts have undertaken. They are facing two wars at once, a death struggle now against Germany, and a commercial struggle of the future on the high seas and in the shipyards for prosperity in peace-time. The mercantile fleet can be likened to the arteries of a body. Once they grow thin the body dies. They must be constantly replenished and kept supple.

These are the reasons, then, why the riveters are roaring night and day, the steel mills are turning out armour plating, even for merchant vessels, the great engineering factories never cease their work, and shipyards in Great Britain, Canada, and Australia are hives of industry.

Our losses may be only a minute percentage of our tonnage so far, but what of the men? The same men, serving side by side with their sons, who risked their lives unceasingly in the last war, probably unable to hit back at any lurking enemy? In their thousands they have volunteered. Though a hundred ships arrive safely in port every day unheralded, one ship sunk not only makes a sorrowful splash in the newspapers, but a gap in the ranks of the men, and an aching void in many homes.

Good luck to the men, and good luck to Sir John, whose job it is to see that in war and peace there is work and prosperity.

THE FLYING BOATS of the COASTAL COMMAND

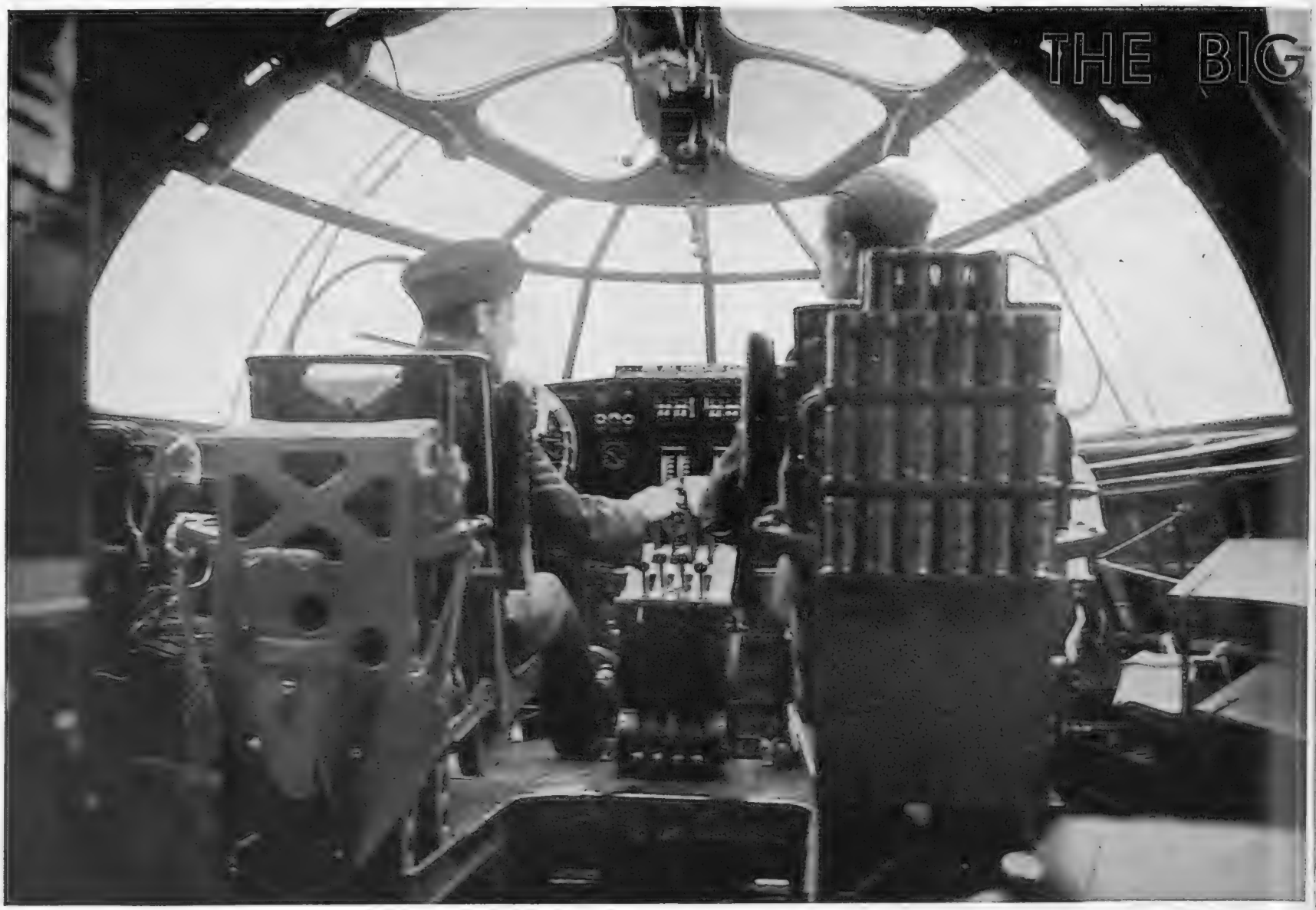
Special Sphere Section dealing with Britain's 'Big Boat' Guardians

BRITAIN'S LATEST "FLYING BATTLESHIPS"—THE SARO-LERWICK, NEWEST AND MOST FORMIDABLE FLYING-BOATS OF THE COASTAL COMMAND, UNDER CONSTRUCTION FOR THE R.A.F.

On this and succeeding pages, we present an account of the work of the big flying-boats of the Coastal Command, R.A.F.—a branch of the Service on which most of the heavy, unheralded, work of checking the enemy has hitherto devolved. Over wide areas of the ocean, every day their work has continued despite the icy winds and sleet of winter; every day the Coastal Command has thrown out its defensive screens and maintained a ceaseless patrol over the North Sea and the western approaches of the Atlantic Ocean. Every day they have escorted many convoys, and in the course of their flights they have on many occasions encountered and shot down enemy aircraft. During his last review, in mid-December, Sir Kingsley Wood declared that the Coastal Command have carried out attacks on submarines on fifty-seven occasions, and in nineteen cases substantial damage had been caused. Every month over 1,000,000 miles are flown; every day a distance greater than the circumference of the globe. To instance one squadron alone—3,000 hours had been flown on long-distance tasks over the sea by day and by night in all conditions of weather: its aircraft—up to one month ago—had already travelled nearly 500,000 miles, an average of 6,700 miles daily. They brought in detailed reports for safety and contraband purposes on some 700 merchant vessels; they sighted seven enemy submarines and carried out attacks on five occasions. This work—and more—the Coastal Command do; and here we chronicle a few of their many arduous duties

ONE OF THE "BIG BOATS"—THE SHORT SUNDERLAND, USED BY THE COASTAL COMMAND FOR LONG-RANGE RECONNAISSANCE WORK

With the Saro-Lerwick, the Sunderland flying-boats, built by the famous firm of Short Brothers of Rochester, are carrying out a number of duties in keeping the skies and seas of Britain free of the enemy. The Sunderlands are similar in many respects to the civilian Empire class flying-boats built for Imperial Airways: a good number were finished before the war, amongst them the cross-Atlantic liners. The Sunderland is of all-metal construction and great care has been exercised in its construction to ensure a clean and dragless exterior. Further pictures of this huge boat—and a detailed diagrammatic drawing showing the internal arrangement—will be found on other pages of this special section



IN THE COCKPIT OF A SUNDERLAND: TWO PILOTS SIT SIDE BY SIDE

This picture shows the arrangement of the controls in the nose of the flying-boat; forward and below the two pilots is the front gunner in his revolving turret, as shown in the diagram on page 83. The amazing complexity of the modern big aircraft is well exemplified in this picture. At the take-off, and when landing one of these giants of the air, there is enough work for both pilots! Each has a set routine to follow, and this routine has to be memorised and strictly followed at each and every take-off. It will be noticed that the vision forward and at the sides is excellent

OF all forms of aircraft the big flying-boats are to many people the most interesting. Whether they be huge biplanes, with six motors of nearly 6,000 h.p. in all, as in the old Short Sarafand, or the streamlined straight-sided four-motored monoplane of the Sunderland type, there is something peculiarly imposing about the progress of a big boat in the air, especially when it appears miles away from any water on which it can sit down, and hurtles past at 200 m.p.h. or so a few feet above the grass, as has been seen at the later R.A.F. displays at Hendon and at some favoured aerodromes on last Empire Air Day. One may imagine that they are at least as favourably viewed by seafaring folk in imminent risk of mines and torpedoes.

Although at first sight the big flying-boats of the R.A.F. might appear to be more closely related to the Navy than to the R.A.F., they are, in fact, definitely the affair of the Air Force because they are shore-based craft. The Navy's aeroplanes belong to the Fleet Air Arm and must be carried on or in ships of His Majesty's Fleet. The big boats, on the other hand, are concerned entirely with coastal reconnaissance, and the safeguarding of the narrow waters of the Channel and the North Sea, and of the high seas near the coasts,

A SARO-LERWICK LEAVES THE LAUNCHING SLIP-WAY AT HER COASTAL HOME STATION

The Lerwick is a comparatively modern product of Saunders-Roe, Ltd., a firm which was formed in 1930 by amalgamating the interests of S. E. Saunders and Co., Ltd., the famous yacht and motor-boat builders of Cowes, with those of Sir Alliott Verdon Roe and Mr. John Lord, who had recently left A. V. Roe and Co., Ltd., the pioneer aircraft firm. The moving spirit of the amalgamation was Captain Harold Balfour, M.C., then connected with Whitehall Securities, Ltd., and now Under-Secretary of State for Air. The Lerwick is such a recent product that publication of any precise figures about it is prohibited. All that may be said is that it has two Bristol Hercules radial air-cooled motors of 1,200 h.p. each. These motors, in which the Burt-M'Collum sleeve-valve is used, are of the new two-row type. They are the product of Mr. A. H. R. Fedden, head of the aero-motor department of the Bristol Aeroplane Co., Ltd. The boat is small for its horse-power and therefore may be regarded as very fast for a flying-boat and capable of covering long distances. It is heavily armed and carries power-driven multi-gun turrets fore and aft

BOATS OF THE R.A.F.

Described by CHARLES G. GREY (Founder of *The Aeroplane*)

although skippers of steamships sometimes report having seen the big boats so far from land that they begin to wonder how far from the coast the Coastal Command extends.

The Air Officer Commanding in Chief Coastal Command is Air Chief Marshal Sir Frederick W. Bowhill, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., one of the pioneers of naval aviation in this country. He was a sailorman before he took to flying, and came into the Royal Naval Air Service in its early days from the Royal Naval Reserve.

He took part in the naval air raid on Wilhelmshaven and Cuxhaven on Christmas Day, 1914. He commanded landplanes and seaplanes in the Central African campaign against the Germans in Tanganyika under General von Lettow-Vorbeck. There was a legend then that his methods of testing new aeroplanes, which arrived precariously in crates through the jungle, was to have them assembled and then fly them himself. If they survived a "Bowhill landing" they were safe for anybody to fly.

Air Chief Marshal Sir Frederick W. Bowhill, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Air Officer Commanding in Chief Coastal Command

Thereafter he served in Mesopotamia with floatplanes on the Tigris. After that was over he served against the Bolsheviks in Southern Russia. He trucked his seaplanes from the Black Sea to the Caspian, commandeered some oil tankers, and made them into seaplane carriers, and, as Admiral of the Caspian, bombed Astrakhan on the Volga. When General Denikin's forces were defeated, Bowhill brought his men and machines back across the Caucasus and gave air support to the Kuban Cossacks who were still holding out against the Reds. In consequence he is, I believe, the only officer in His Majesty's Service who is entitled to wear the full kit of a Colonel of Cossacks, including kalpak and knout.

Thereafter he was sent as Chief of Staff with Colonel Robert Gordon, R.A.F. (formerly Royal Marines), to clean up the Mad Mullah in Somaliland—a work which was done in three months after that worthy Oriental gentleman had defeated the efforts of the British Army for fifteen years.

Since then he has held numerous high commands and has been Air Member for Personnel on the Air Council. His maritime origin and his experience in the Coastal Command for the past few years make him particularly suitable to deal in a properly co-operative spirit with the Navy. His career shows that as well as administrative ability he has the power to lead men. As I have known him for more than twenty-five years perhaps I may be privileged to say that he also has the gift of winning the affection of those who serve under him. All of which helps to explain the extraordinarily fine work and devotion to duty of the officers and men of the Coastal Command, for to do good work men must have a good leader.

The first flying-boat was a little pusher biplane which Glen Curtiss—at that time a pioneer of aviation in the United States and the great rival of the Wright Brothers—had mounted on a canoe and had induced to leave the water slightly. Thereafter he tried a flat-bottomed pontoon and later one with a step in it. Then he built a real little flying-boat, one of which he brought over to this country in 1913 and exhibited at Brighton. When he returned to the United States he took with him a naval officer, John Porte, who had been invalided out of the Navy with tuberculosis, and who thought that he might as well break his neck flying as die of consumption. Porte had already proved himself to be one of the most daring and expert pilots in this country.

On their return to the United States Curtiss and Porte undertook to build for John Wanamaker, of the great New York department store, a three-motor flying-boat which would fly the Atlantic. This boat was well on the way to completion when war broke out in 1914.

John Porte, although a condemned invalid came back to this country and offered his services to the Admiralty. He was taken on by Captain Sueter (now Rear-Admiral Sir Murray Sueter, M.P.), Chief of the Air Department at the Admiralty, and put in charge of the Hendon Aerodrome. Then he was transferred to the seaplane station at Felixstowe. Sundry two-motor American flying-boats, built by his friend Glen Curtiss, were sent to him there. From these, which were known as the America-type flying-boats, he developed the F (or Felixstowe) type flying-boat with two Rolls-Royce Eagle motors, which did so much excellent work over the North Sea and the Irish Channel.

In 1925, one of the surviving F-type boats was sent to Short Brothers Ltd., the famous float-plane builders, at Rochester, who had already built a big wooden boat, so that they might build an all-metal hull for the wings, tail unit and motors. From that originated the great Short all-metal flying-boats as we know them to-day and as shown in these pages.

From them descended in due course the biplane four-motor Kent class flying-boats which were used on the Mediterranean passage by Imperial Airways Ltd., and ultimately the monoplane Empire flying-boats which have carried so many thousands of people and so many tons of mail to Australia and back, and during the past two years have made so many excellent experimental trips across the Atlantic in record time. From those Empire boats are descended the Short Sunderland boats which, armed with power-driven multi-gun turrets, have proved themselves to be one of the most successful weapons of the R.A.F.

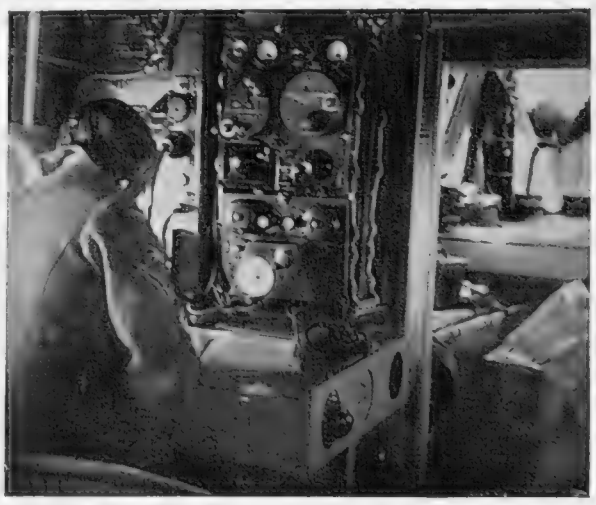
Parallel with these developments at Short Brothers were those of the Supermarine Company at Wolston, Southampton. That firm was founded in about 1911 by Mr. Pemberton Billing, who later became well known as a Member of Parliament and an advocate of air power during the war 1914–18. On entering Parliament in 1916 he sold out of the Supermarine Company and left in charge Mr. Hubert Scott-Paine who had been his right-hand man. The Supermarine Works at Southampton under Mr. Scott-Paine developed a number of interesting flying-boats, certain of them to the designs of Mr. Linton Hope, the well-known yacht designer. Ultimately he sold out to Vickers Limited and founded the British Power Boat Company at Hythe, which in its own line is world-famous.

Under the Vickers management all-metal flying-boats were developed, to the design of Mr. R. J. Mitchell, since deceased. The first of these, the Southampton, was for a long time the most used, and perhaps the worst used, of His Majesty's flying-boats. A flight of three made a 23,000-miles trip out to Singapore, round Australia, and back to Singapore.

A number of big flying-boats was also built by the Blackburn Aeroplane and Motor Co., Ltd. of Leeds, later of Brough on the Humber. Mr. Robert Blackburn was contemporary with the Short brothers as a pioneer of British aviation in 1908–09. Their Iris flying-boats with three Rolls-Royce Condors, built in 1927–28, were quite good boats but the firm was turned on by the Air Ministry to make other types and the Iris is no longer in service. Nevertheless we may see before long the later products of Major Rennie, their chief boat designer.

(Continued on page 82)

TWO VIEWS OF THE PILOT AT THE CONTROLS OF A SHORT SINGAPORE FLYING-BOAT



THE WIRELESS OPERATOR RECEIVING MESSAGES

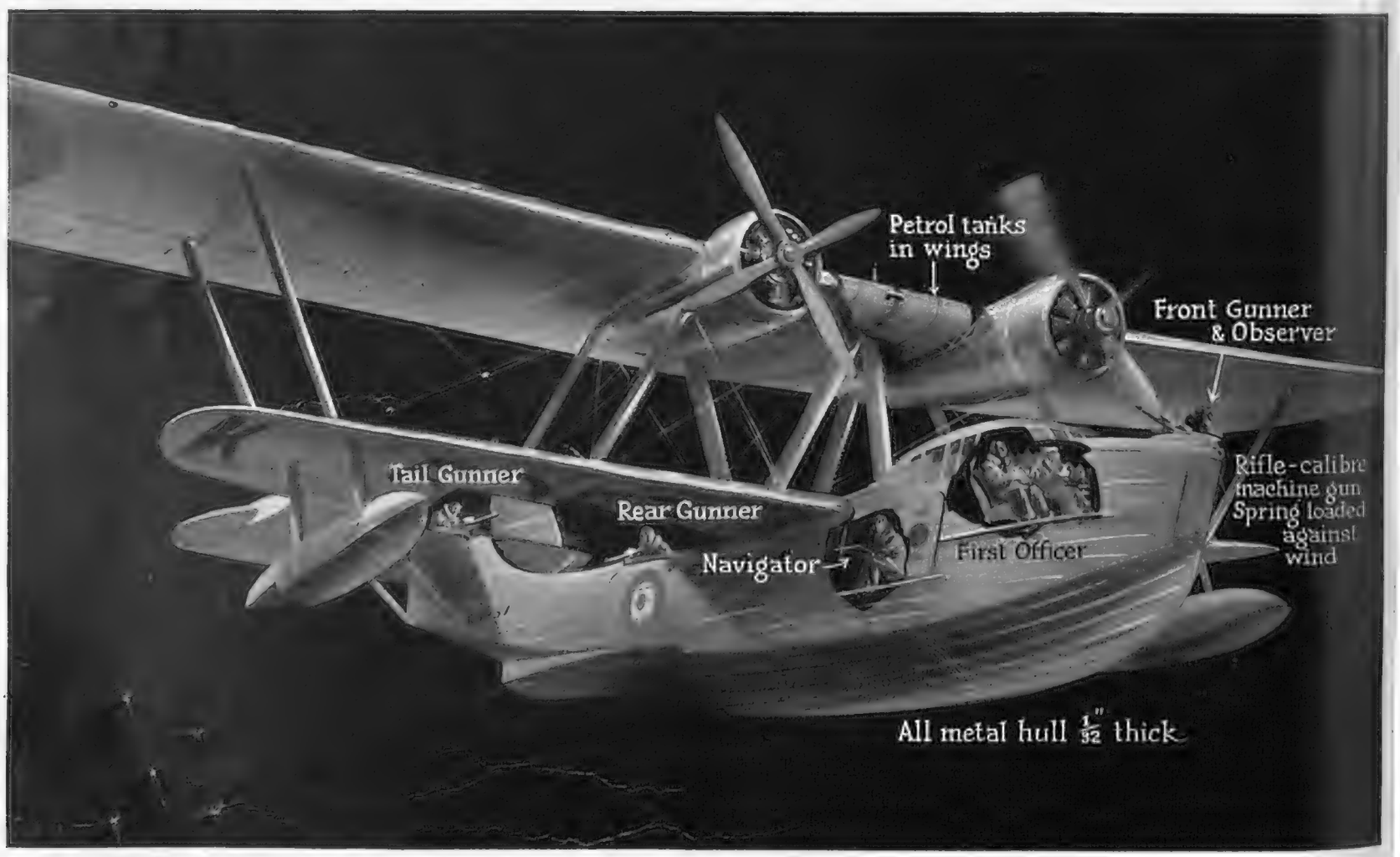
THE FLIGHT-ENGINEER AT THE CONTROL PANEL

The Singapore flying-boat—a four-engined craft—is an earlier type than either the Lerwick or the Sunderland class: her performance, consequently, is not comparable with these latest examples of the seaplane designers' art. Nevertheless, the Singapore has been doing most valuable work in reconnaissance and on coastal patrols. Incidentally, in this aircraft provision has been made for cooking apparatus, a work-bench with vice for repairs, and stowage for drogues, dinghy, engineer's larders, etc. Three bunks are also fitted up. The range of the Singapore is 1,000 miles at a cruising speed of 105 m.p.h. A picture of this flying-boat is given on page 84

HOME AT TWILIGHT—ONE OF THE BIG SARO-LERWICK FLYING-BOATS COMING IN TO ALIGHT AFTER A PATROL OF NORTHERN SCOTTISH WATERS

Specially Drawn for "The Sphere" from Photographic Material by
MONTAGUE DAWSON

Elsewhere in this special section Mr. Charles
operation of the Coastal Command, R.A.F.,
amongst the biggest in operation to-day; th
and bombers of other branches of the R.A
standards required in this arduous work. O
a stretch, with only sea and sky to guide h
mind can comprehend! Built entirely of me
these huge boats can carry as many as thir



THE EQUIPMENT AND ARRANGEMENT OF THE SARO LONDON FLYING-BOAT USED BY THE COASTAL COMMAND FOR PATROLS

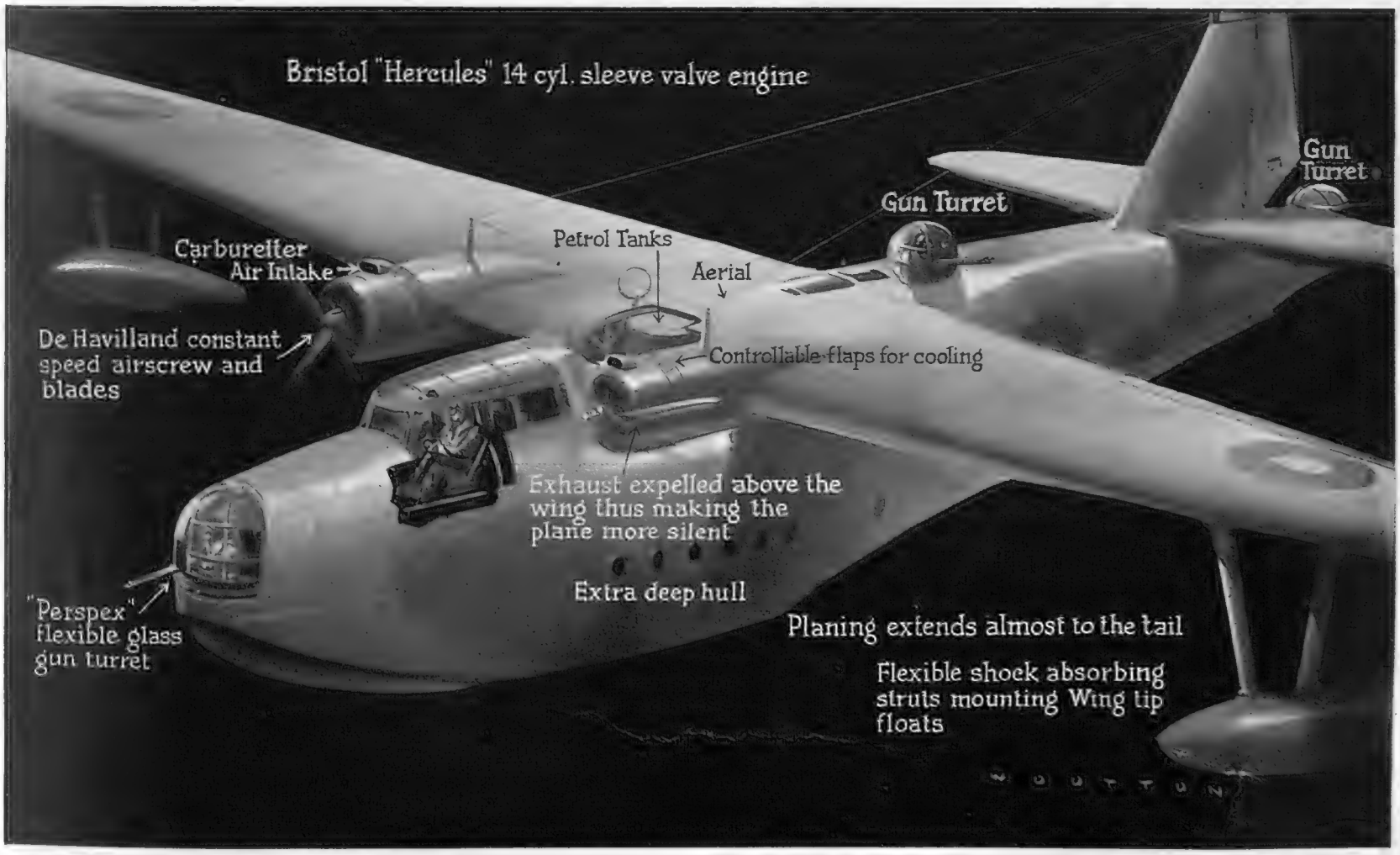
This twin-engined flying-boat was first constructed in 1934; when fully loaded it has a weight of between 8 and 9 tons. It was produced by the Saunders-Roe Company, which is also responsible for the Lerwick. The boat has an all-metal hull, with wings of metal structure, fabric covered; the wing span is 80 ft., and its length 56 ft. The range is 1,740 miles and maximum speed 155 m.p.h.; at its normal cruising speed of 110 m.p.h. the London has a duration of 13 hours. Extreme performance was not aimed at in its design, but rather seaworthiness and versatility. It is equipped with two Bristol Pegasus moderately supercharged radial engines of 690 h.p. each; in emergency one engine alone will fly the plane. There is a crew of six

SPECIAL FLYING-BOAT SECTION

THE FLYING SCOUTS OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE

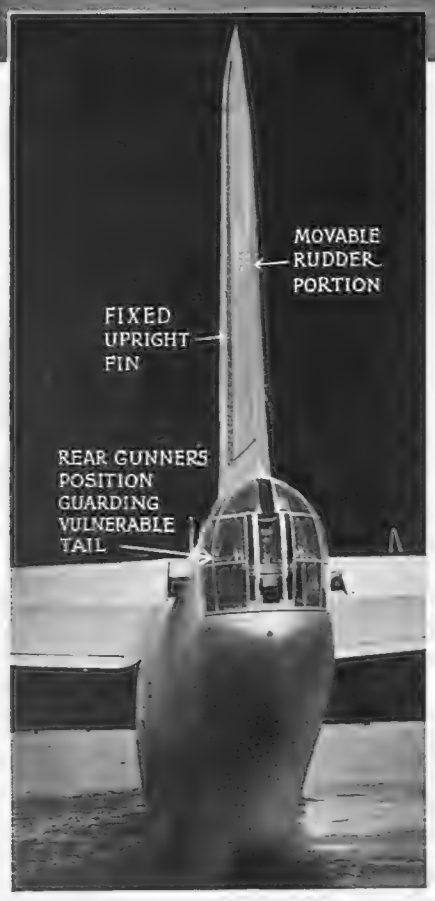
Special "Sphere" Drawings and Diagrams

rles Grey describes in detail the history and F. The flying-boats of this command are the pilots are older men than the fighters R.A.F. owing to the very high navigational e him—a more difficult feat than the lay metal, with two decks inside the great hull, thirty people, although the crew does not usually exceed eight. At their home stations, around the coast of Britain, are fully-equipped workshops for carrying out repairs and modifications, gas-proof shelters, barracks, mess halls, hospitals, and other buildings. Many of these stations are necessarily at lonely spots, many miles from large towns. The moment which Mr. Dawson has chosen for his drawing is at the end of a bleak winter's day as twilight is falling over the lonely northern station; the huge Saro-Lerwick, after its cold, thankless patrol, is coming in to land, sweeping low down over the loch, to alight on the placid waters just as the light is receding from the sky



THE EQUIPMENT AND ARRANGEMENT OF THE SARO-LERWICK FLYING-BOAT, LATEST AND FASTEST OF BRITAIN'S FLEET OF BIG BOATS

The Lerwick is one of Britain's newest flying-boats, and is ranked amongst the fastest of its type in the world to-day, with an exceptionally long range of action. The first of these powerful aircraft was built in 1939 by Messrs. Saunders-Roe, Ltd.; and it is now in full production for the R.A.F. Details of its performance have not yet been released by the Air Ministry, but it is known to be powered with two Bristol Hercules engines of 1,375 h.p. each. The span of the Lerwick is 81 ft., and the length 63 ft.; it is all-metal in construction, and has three power-driven gun turrets, of a type produced only by Great Britain and acknowledged to be far finer than anything the Germans have yet evolved. As with the London, there is a crew of six



WHAT THE ENEMY SEES OF THE SUNDERLAND IN THE AIR

This astonishing view shows all that the enemy sees of the Sunderland when actually flying in the air. Despite the amazing complexity of her construction and the completeness of her internal arrangements (as evidenced by the big diagram on the right) the aircraft presents the merest silhouette to the air, with the result that there is little air-drag to retard the progress of the aircraft once she has attained flying speed. The arrangement of the four Bristol Pegasus engines on the wings is well evidenced here: note the huge rear fin, and the two floats for stability when on the water

(Continued from page 79)

Another firm which developed flying-boats was S. E. Saunders, Ltd., the famous makers of racing motor-boats and yachts at Cowes. Sam Saunders, the head of the firm, financed the building of several interesting types, but ultimately his interests were amalgamated with those of Sir Alliott Verdon Roe and Mr. John Lord, who had left A. V. Roe and Co., Ltd. A new firm called Saunders-Roe, Ltd., was formed under the auspices of Whitehall Securities, Ltd., in which Captain Harold Balfour, M.C. (now Under-Secretary of State for Air), was interested. Saunders-Roe, Ltd., have built several interesting flying-boats, and their Lerwick flying-boat, with two Bristol Hercules 18-cylinder sleeve-valve motors of 1,200 h.p. each, was one of the latest additions to the R.A.F. before the declaration of war.

Naturally each type of flying-boat differs from any other type. The Short Sunderlands were the only monoplane flying-boats in the R.A.F. until the Saro-Lerwick appeared. The Blackburn and the Supermarine and the earlier Short and the earlier Saunders boats were all biplanes.

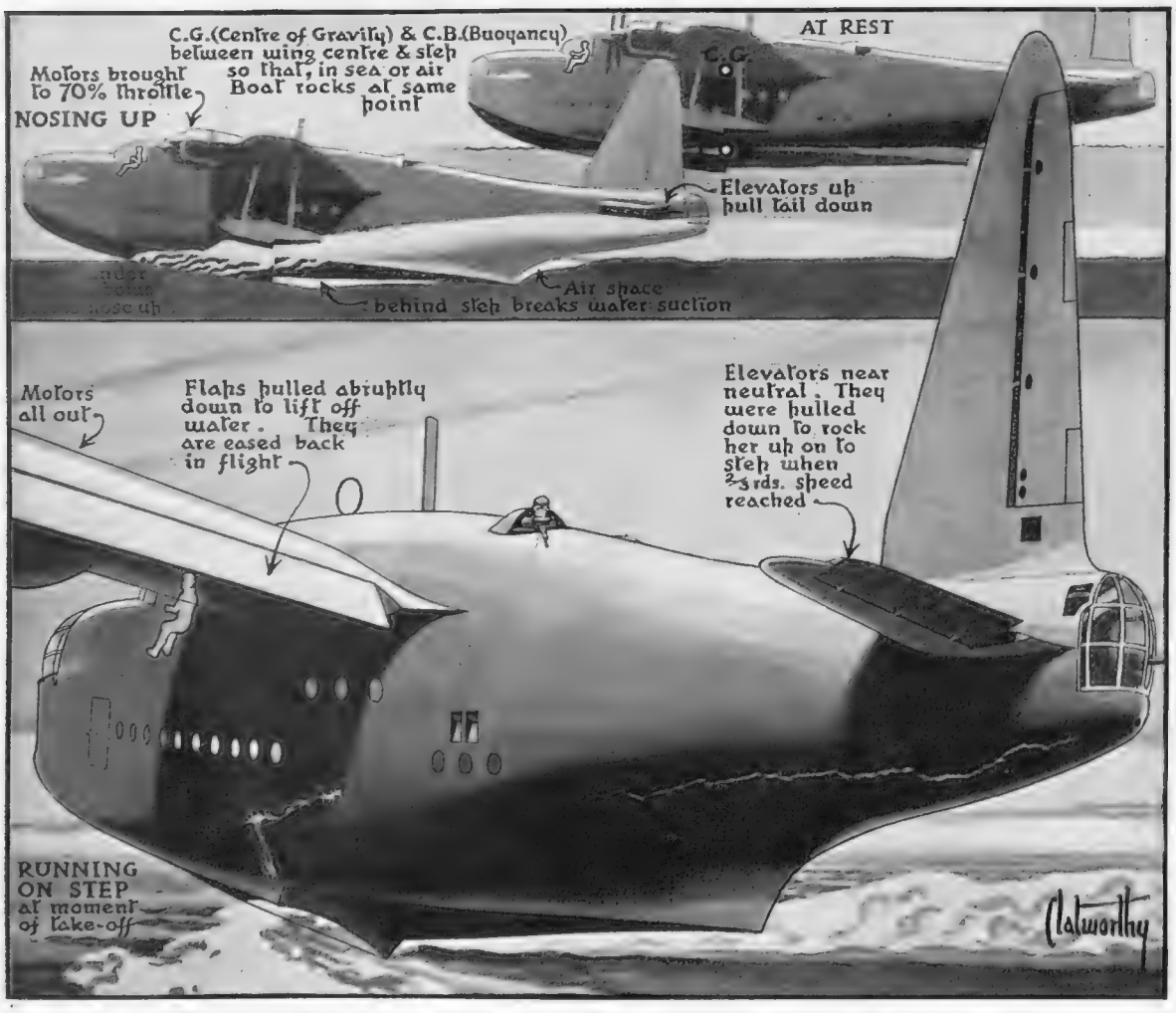
Although aluminium is comparatively easily corroded by salt water, all modern flying-boats have metal hulls, built of duralumin, a particularly corrodible alloy which is covered on each side, as if it were a sandwich, by layers of pure aluminium which is less corrodible. The aluminium itself is protected by an electrical treatment, and that surface again is protected by special paint. The result is that the flying-boats with metal hulls have proved themselves to be extraordinarily durable. All the successful Supermarine boats so far have been twin-motor boats. The Blackburns have been three-motor boats, and so has one of the Saunders products. But Short Brothers put six Rolls-Royce motors into a boat called the Sarafand, which has the engines arranged in tandem pairs in which each engine has one propeller and one tractor screw. The same arrangement of motors, but four motors instead of six, is still used in the Singapore type, which has been one of the most successful in the R.A.F.

As in landplanes, there seems to be no definite decision about whether the liquid-cooled motor is better than the radial air-cooled motor, or contrariwise. Equally fine performances have been put up by both types. But on the whole the air-cooled seems to be preferred for sea-going aircraft because it avoids the complication of radiators and water supply and plumbing generally, the problems of which can be dealt with better on land than on water.

For many years flying-boats were hauled out of the water at the end of each flight and pushed laboriously into a shed, just as most landplanes used to be. Some few years back the idea grew that flying-boats should live on the water just like any other boats. In these days a flying-boat is never beached except for repairs below the water line, or for some major operation. The changing of motors and all the minor work is done while afloat.

This, and the fact that flying-boats use a natural aerodrome supplied by any large enough liquid surface, naturally makes them cheaper to maintain than land-going aeroplanes.

On left—**THE HUGE REAR FIN OF THE SUNDERLAND AND THE REAR-GUNNER'S COCKPIT**



On left—**TAKING-OFF A FLYING-BOAT**

Taking a flying-boat off the water, like most other things, is simple enough when you know how. Each individual boat has its own tricks according to the power of the motors, the loading, the wing area, the wing design, whether it is a biplane or a monoplane, whether it has one step in the bottom or more. Some boats have to be pulled off, others have to be rocked off, and some fly themselves off. In general, what happens is, when the pilot opens up his motors there is a commotion in the water caused by the slipstream of the air-screw. Then the boat begins to forge ahead, throwing up bow-wave. Then the battering effect of the slipstream begins to act on the bow-wave as it flows astern, and the boat seems to be progressing in a smother of foam, whereas as a matter of fact the hull of the boat is generally as dry as a bone and the tail merely gets some rather hard-driven spray. As it gathers speed the flared bow of the boat, which consists of built-on sponsons in the older type boats but is built into the bottom of the hull in the newer boats of the Empire and Sunderland type, lifts the front of the hull clear of the water. This front section has a bottom which is more or less V-shaped and ends abruptly in a step. The height of the step varies according to the size and weight and design of the boat. Aft of the step the bottom continues in the shape of the forward part but gradually tapering aft to the tail. Some types have a second step. In the most modern type, the Sunderland, the second part of the bottom ends in a vertical knife-edge keel, so that it has only one step. The idea of the stepped bottom was taken from the high-speed hydroplane motor-boats which were common before flying began and long before flying-boats were invented. The idea of the step is to get the aft part of the bottom of the boat clear of the water. As the boat gathers speed and as the planing bottom forces it on to the surface of the water, it gets into a position in which the part of the bottom just forward of the step is carrying as much of the weight of the boat as is not yet air-borne by the wings. Just behind the step itself are air vents which allow air to flow from above into the space behind the step, which would otherwise become an area of decreased atmospheric pressure, or a partial vacuum, to use a graphic but

(Continued at foot of next column)

The precise operations for which the different types of flying-boats are used in this war must naturally remain a profound secret known only to the R.A.F. and its enemies. Just why a lucid description of the uses to which flying-boats are put should not be issued to the taxpayer who pays for them is not very clear.

Without telling the enemy anything of which he is unaware we may assume that the more up-to-date and faster and more heavily armed flying-boats are used for the most urgent jobs, such as patrolling and searching for submarines and mine-laying aircraft, home-seeking German warships, commerce raiders, and merchant ships, over areas where our craft are most likely to be attacked by high-speed German machines such as fighters coming off-shore from the coast of Jutland, or long-range fighter bombers such as the Heinkels which infest the Shetlands.

Obviously a Sunderland or a Lerwick with multi-gun turrets, and a quite respectable turn of speed, would be a better match for an attacker than would the older types.

Besides being better able to defend themselves, the new types, which have more powerful motors for their sizes, and are more efficient all round, can obviously carry more petrol and thus have a longer range, and can carry bigger loads of bombs and/or depth-charges.

The tactics of the flying-boats in areas where they are liable to be attacked by enemy aircraft are varied. In looking for submarines obviously the proper thing to do is to keep up high, especially if there be any clouds about, so that if a submarine were spotted at a distance the flying-boat might hide itself in the clouds and only appear so close to its target that it could let loose a few bombs before the submarine had time to submerge, and might drop depth-charges, which after all are only delay-action bombs, after the submarine had submerged.

On the other hand, if attacked, the flying-boat must keep as close as possible to the water because it, as a boat, cannot have holes in the bottom through which to poke guns at a fighter attacking from below. A big boat fairly bristles with guns pointing upwards and horizontally, and a fighter attacking from above gets as good as it gives

We may assume also that the older and slower flying-boats are used for anti-submarine patrols and for the convoying of merchant vessels in the Channel, in the Irish Sea, and round the western coasts. These veterans, which cruise at 90 m.p.h. or thereabouts, can still fly circles round an 8-knot convoy. And they can carry bombs and depth-charges quite adequate to deal with submarines. Moreover, as they have no need to worry about being attacked underneath by fighters, they can fly at a reasonable height, from which they can keep watch on a large area of sea. So, as in many other professions, the veterans of the big boats are for once earning a living at the job for which they were made.

Operating flying-boats may be a very pleasing job in the summer, but it is pretty tough in the winter, for ice will form at a good deal less than 100 m.p.h. if the conditions be right. Also, slow ships plod along in a fog, and submarines can operate in a fog, largely by sound. Then even the slowest flying-boat is defeated and has to put down on the water or make for an unobscured port.

For operational purposes a flat calm is about the flying-boat's worst enemy. When alighting, the pilot cannot judge his precise height above the water and is liable to fly right into it, or to "land" too high up and smash the bottom of the boat by dropping it on the water.

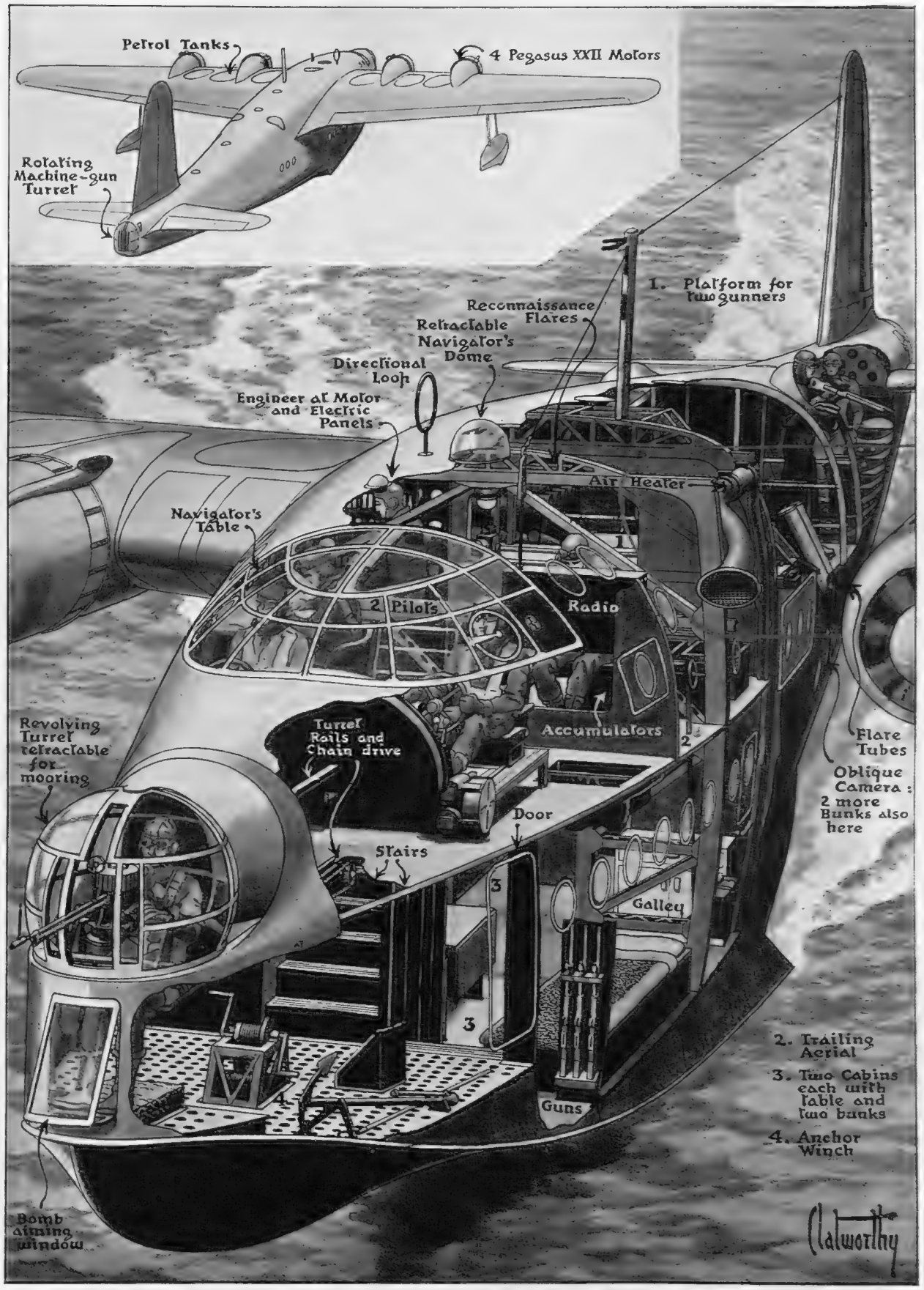
When getting off, the smooth water refuses to lift the boat on to its step as does water with a comfortable ripple on it. I have known the skipper of a flying-boat arrange with a destroyer to cut across his course and so create a wash on which the boat might bounce into the air. At the other extreme, the roughness of water and the height of waves on which a flying-boat can alight and from which it can get off is quite astonishing considering what small things flying-boats are in comparison with the ocean.

Taking them all round, the big boats of the Coastal Command have thoroughly justified themselves and those of us who agitated for their development when the Air Ministry wanted to drop them and the Admiralty was not interested in them. Apart from being destroying agents, many of them have been the salvation of ships which were about to be attacked and of shipwrecked mariners whom they have saved either by directing ships to the spot where they have been torpedoed or, in one or two instances, by actually alighting on the water and picking up the shipwrecked men.

Moreover, the big flying-boats are one of the very few types of aircraft of war which can be developed in war-time for use in time of peace. Everything that goes towards making a first-class war-boat of the air goes equally towards making it an asset in air transport.

(*Continued from previous column*)

inaccurate description, into which the water would be sucked, which would act like a brake on the boat. By fitting these air vents the air flows in behind the step and along the bottom of the boat and so tends to separate the bottom of the boat from the water. At a certain speed, called the "hump" speed among boat people, the boat rises on to the step and is freed from the drag of the water along the hull aft of the step. Thus it becomes able to reach higher speeds than it could if subjected to that drag. The pilot then holds the boat on the step, balancing it by working with his control wheel the elevator which controls the longitudinal attitude of the boat, and so the boat becomes able to reach higher speeds as the wings carry more and more of the weight. At the appropriate moment, which the pilot knows by experience or by instruction, he pulls his wheel back which raises the elevator, which in turn depresses the tail of the boat slightly, thus increasing the angle of the wings, all the while using the step as the horizontal pivot on which to rock the boat. The wings thus attain a more obtuse angle to the air and take more of the lift, and the boat leaps, or should leap, free of the water and becomes air-borne.



Artist's copyright in U.S.A.

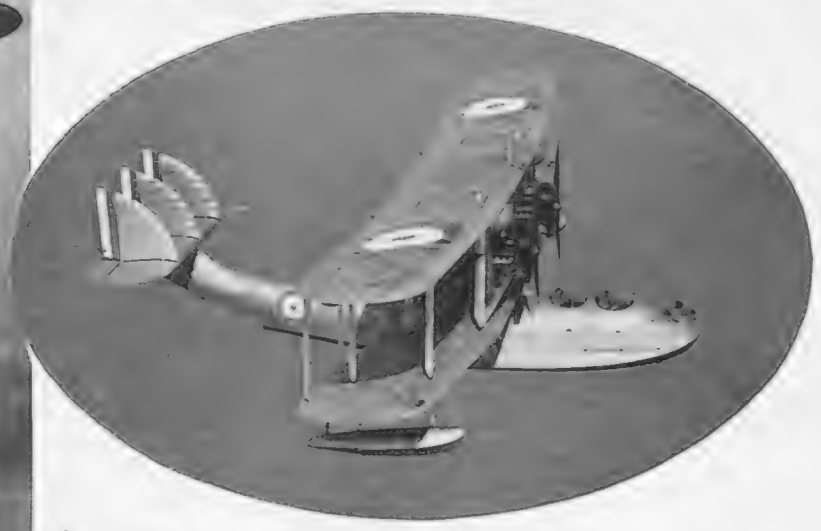
A DIAGRAMMATIC VIEW OF THE BIG SUNDERLAND FLYING-BOAT— *Drawn by S. W. Clatworthy*

This is the war version of the famous Empire flying-boat, designed and built by Short Brothers Ltd., of Rochester, the great pioneers of seaplanes, for Imperial Airways Ltd. They built their first float-plane in 1912 and did not start to build flying-boats until after the war 1914–18. The first work in this direction was the Short Cromarty, a three-motor wooden boat, in 1924. It had Rolls-Royce Condor motors of 650 h.p. Then in 1926 they built an all-metal hull for one of the R.A.F. war-time F-type flying-boats which were developed at the Royal Naval Air Station at Felixstowe under Wing-Commander John Porte in 1916–17. The Sunderland is a long-range reconnaissance flying-boat which has four Bristol Pegasus motors of 790 h.p. each, but the later type Pegasus can step up to 900 h.p. The construction is similar throughout to that of the standard Empire boat, but the design differs in that the hull, instead of having the normal transverse aft step as in the Empire boat, has the part of the hull aft of the main step brought to a vertical knife-edge. The span is 112 ft. 9½ ins., the length 85 ft. 4 ins., and the wing area 1,488 sq. ft. It carries a power-driven gun-turret in the bow, another in the tail, and another retractable turret on the top of the hull. These turrets are of the Nash and Thompson power-driven type and carry multiple guns

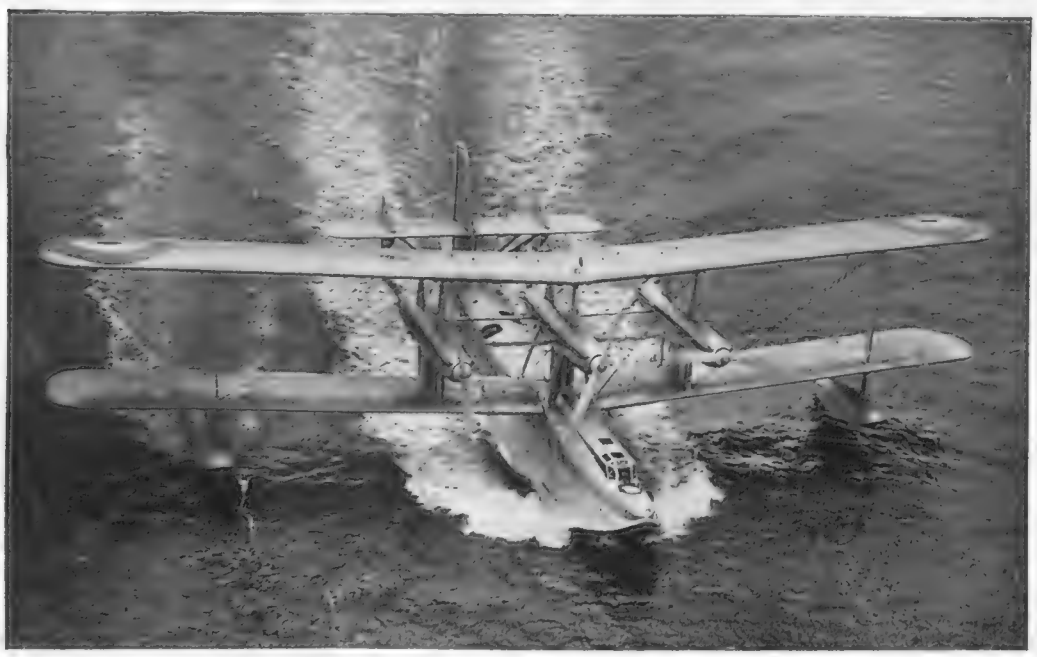
1. THE SUPERMARINE SCAPA FLYING IN FORMATION

3. A SHORT SINGAPORE TAKING OFF IN A FLURRY

2. THE SUPERMARINE STRANRAER BIPLANE FLYING-BOAT



4. THE THREE-SEAT COCKPIT SOUTHAMPTON



A VERY SPECIAL FLYING-BOAT: THE SHORT SARAFAND.—This was, when it was built in 1935, the largest aeroplane so far built in Great Britain, and the second largest in the world. It was only exceeded in weight and horse-power by the Dornier Do.X. The power-plant is six Rolls-Royce motors, which develop 825 h.p. each at 2,000 r.p.m. and 930 h.p. each at 2,300 r.p.m. at sea-level. These motors are mounted in three tandem pairs, each consisting of a tractor screw and a propeller. It is a biplane with equal spans of 120 ft. The maximum loaded weight of the ship is 75,000 lb. or somewhere about 30 tons. The top speed at sea level is 150 m.p.h. and the range with full load is 1,450 miles. Only one of the type was built, presumably because of the cost, but it may be valuable on long-distance patrols and for convoy escort as it is capable of lifting a load of 25,000 lb.

OTHER FLYING-BOATS of the COASTAL COMMAND

1. THE SUPERMARINE SCAPA is a twin-motor open-sea reconnaissance biplane. It has two Rolls-Royce Kestrel III MS motors built into the upper plane. Because of its lower power the type was given up after about two squadrons had been built. But these machines can still do good service.

2. THE SUPERMARINE STRANRAER is a twin-engined long-distance reconnaissance and bombing biplane. It has a maximum speed of 165 m.p.h. and a cruising range of 1,000 miles. Fully loaded it weighs nearly 9 tons.

3. THE SHORT SINGAPORE is a four-engined reconnaissance and coastal patrol flying-boat. It has four Rolls-Royce Kestrel 12-cylinder water-cooled engines mounted in tandem pairs with pusher and tractor propellers. Weighing just over 12 tons fully loaded, the Singapore cruises at 105 m.p.h. and has a range of 1,000 miles.

4. THE SUPERMARINE SOUTHAMPTON first appeared in 1925, and was for a long time the standard twin-motor reconnaissance flying-boat of the R.A.F. Four metal-hulled Southamptons flew during 1927-28 from Plymouth to Singapore, thence round the continent of Australia and back to Singapore, which then became their base. The Southampton is a metal-hulled version of a wooden-hull boat produced by Mr. Scott-Paine, now famous for his Power Boats. The hull is curiously narrow at the top and so the crew of five sit in a line. The gunner is right in the nose with an ordinary Scarff ring for his machine-guns. The first and second pilots (one a navigator) sit in tandem behind him in separate cockpits—all in front of the wings—and the engineers, who are alternatively machine-gunners, sit in two more cockpits in tandem just behind the wings. The top speed is 108 m.p.h., and the all-up weight is 14,600 lb.

THE FATHER OF HIS PEOPLE—DR. HENDRIKUS COLIJN

An Intimate and Revealing Study of the Leader of the Dutch Nation

By LADY DRUMMOND-HAY

ALERT, light on his feet, as agile of movement as a man thirty years younger than his seventy, eyes bright and keen, his drooping eyelids alone betray the Elder Statesman—Dr. Hendrikus Colijn, into whose steady hand the Dutch people affectionately thrust the helm of State when perils and breakers loom ahead, implicitly confident that he will steer them clear yet once again, then again, as he has been doing for three decades past.

Dr. Colijn received me at his home in The Hague. After waiting a few minutes in a library-lounge, whose walls were ranged with curtained bookshelves, containing very many English volumes of reference and historical works, I was shown to his study. Warm and cosily furnished with comfortable modern furniture, so brilliantly lighted that I exclaimed with pleasure. "Ah! yes, I do like good light and plenty of it," Dr. Colijn replied. A lectern-like stand on the right of his big desk supported a large Bible, the opening marked by a broad and very old-looking ribbon. Innumerable photographs of his family, including his three sons, wives and nine grandchildren, of Dutch Royalty, a large picture of Jean Calvin, on the walls, and a framed photograph of Mevrouw Colijn in a place of honour on his desk.

I knew that Dr. Colijn is a strict Calvinist—as he put it to me himself, a "Puritan" or "Cromwellian," and that he holds family prayers every morning, reading from the Bible to his wife, children and servants. But nothing in his manner suggested the external severity which in imagination we usually associate with the idea of rigid Calvinism. No gloom, no pose of uncompromising, soured "godliness," too often the forbidding gown of clerical Elders. On the contrary, I found myself in the presence of a faultlessly-groomed, faultlessly-attired, white-haired elderly gentleman with the courtly manners and *savoir-faire* of his generation.

His face in repose might awe. I thought how stern he could appear, how cold, how in anger he would sear with white heat, rather than scorch with flaming rage. Relentless in icy, measured denunciation of untruth, cowardice and treachery; witheringly contemptuous of personal affronts, yet capable of being roused to blazing wrath by any attack upon his principles, impiety or profanity against his God, or insult to his Queen. Then, indeed, I believe he is capable of reverting to the energetic fury of the Master Jean Calvin, and such reformers as John Knox, who so vehemently denounced the "French frivolity" of poor Mary, Queen of Scots, and Martin Luther, alleged to have hurled an inkpot at the Devil.

Born in 1869 at Haarlemmermeer, a district famous for its scientific farming, to a comfortably-established farming couple, young Hendrikus Colijn spent a great part of his first twelve years with his grandparents at Uitwijk, in very strict, orthodox surroundings, the influences of which revealed themselves somewhat later than early. His youthful pranks came to an end when he returned to live with his parents at the age of twelve. Religious meetings which he was obliged to attend left a life-long impression upon him. The following year he became a pupil teacher in the village of Nieuw-Vennep, and four years later the serious business of life began for him at the military school of Kampen.

I have been told that in Holland it is very usual for young people of the same age to marry, and that contrary to the custom in other countries the bride is not infrequently somewhat older than her husband. Dr. Colijn's parents were both born in 1834. Their famous son married his cousin Helena Groenenburg when they were both about the same age. As a young lieutenant in the Army, Hendrikus Colijn took his bride to the Netherlands East Indies, the first step on the ladder of success which he has climbed so firmly from 1892 to this day. During the first twelve and a half years of their marriage, the young Colijns had been with one another some four and a half years only, and changed domicile twenty-six times. But in that period Hendrikus Colijn had twice been awarded the Military Cross, had been presented with the Sword of Honour for exceptional courage, had risen from second-lieutenant to major, and retired from the Army to be Secretary to the Netherlands Indies Government.

The year 1911 saw him Minister of War; the next year Minister of Marine *ad interim*. Between 1914 and 1922 he entered commercial life as a director of the Bataafsche Petroleum Company, spending some time in London, was elected to the Senate, succeeded Abraham Kuyper as head of the Anti-Revolutionary Party, and editor-in-chief of the newspaper *De Standaard*. The next fifteen years have seen him as Finance Minister, three times Prime Minister, as Minister for Home Affairs, Minister for the Colonies, Minister for Defence, president of the council for draining the Zuyder Zee, as well as innumerable other public offices. Few if any other European statesmen, with the exception of Mussolini himself, can have held so many and varied portfolios. Such is the man to whom all Holland looks with pride and reverence.

I asked Dr. Colijn whether he could trace and attribute the progress of his steady, constructive career to early influences on the farms, and in any way to the fact that he was enabled to absorb the vitality of nature and to relax in her harmony. He agreed that his youth in the country and the examples of his parents and grandparents had laid a foundation of a sense of values.

Memories of the country seemed to please him. I had not realised that of Holland's 8,750,000 acres, 2,500,000 are devoted to crops, farming and horticulture, and another 3,250,000 to grassland. Or that about a third of all holdings of over 2½ acres are less than 12½ acres, while little more than 1 per cent. are greater than 125 acres. This calls for intensive cultivation on the part of the farmers which must be unparalleled in Europe. In addition to her 8,500,000 human population which statistics divide as 39 per cent. engaged in manufacturing industries, 20 per cent. in agriculture and 22 per cent. in commerce and transport, this small country supports 2,763,500 cattle, 1,538,000 pigs, 312,000 horses, 654,000 sheep, 29,646,000 fowls and 875,500 ducks.

"The Dutch people are amongst the most alert in the world; by far the most individualistic; the most tolerant regarding religion and politics."

The better to illustrate his first point, Dr. Colijn spoke of the incessant watchfulness necessary to anticipate and forestall inroads and ravages of the waters, which are at the same time Holland's life-lines, defences and menace. Some 40 per cent. of the country lies below sea-level, so where there are no natural dunes, the inhabitants build dykes and walls round their homes. A Ministry of Dykes, "Waterstaat," controls the work of digging canals, making locks and dykes for public service. The drainage and enclosure of the Zuider Zee, more than twenty miles long, will mean another 550,000 acres for Holland, or 7 per cent. of its whole area and 10 per cent. of its arable land, new territory calculated to sustain between 200,000 and 300,000 people. Amsterdam itself, Holland's largest city with 800,000 inhabitants, is between eight and nine feet below the level of the predatory waters.

Two thousand years ago, the only inhabitable part of Holland was the small area above sea-level. It is known that a thousand years later the Dutch began the task of creating a country for themselves by draining the land by means of hydraulic engineering. Thus, for more than nine hundred years they have been waging a twenty-four hours a day fight against an inexorable enemy mightier than the legions of man.

Solid they are, stolid they may be, but the latter asset is the one which gained them their terrain, and enables them to hold it, flood-in and flood-out. I was about to add "slow-thinking," only whereas that may apply to some sections, it certainly does not describe the keen intelligentsia and business men. Their ancestors founded the Bank of Amsterdam in 1609, nearly 100 years before the Bank of England was founded. As a woman, it interested me enormously to hear that they claim to have invented the thimble!

Dr. Colijn proceeded to tell me that in Holland of some 8,500,000 population (about the same as Greater London), there are fifty-seven different religions, and at the last elections, fifty-four political parties, though of the latter, forty-four did not cast sufficient votes to obtain a place on the election ticket, and only ten parties are represented.

"If this is not religious and political toleration, I do not know what is . . ." he commented, recalling the great William the Silent, who in 1578, during that notorious epoch of religious persecution by torture and fiery death in Europe, said "We declare to you, therefore, that you have no right to trouble yourselves with any man's conscience, so long as naught is done to cause private harm or public scandal."

There is no jury in Holland, judges are nominated by the Queen for life. Neither does the death penalty or hard labour exist.

The present Government is a Coalition one. The Ministry of ten includes two Social Democrats, one anti-Revolutionary (which is Dr. Colijn's party), two Catholics, the Prime Minister is an Historical Christian, and the Ministers of War and Foreign Affairs do not belong to any party at all.

While about 40 per cent. of the Dutch are Catholics, including Old Catholics and Jansenists, whose priests are permitted to marry, Dr. Colijn told me that approximately 30 per cent. of the population are practically non-church members, emphasising very strongly, however, that they lead just as good Christian and family lives as the others.

Dr. Colijn does occasionally go to a cinema, but not for entertainment—only for the purpose of viewing some particular film or newsreel.

The remaining 30 per cent. adhere to a diversity of religions and cults, including three categories of Jews, the Dutch Jews known as the Portuguese Jews whose services are held in Portuguese to this day. They are the élite amongst Jews in Holland. Then the Liberal Jews and the Orthodox German Jews. Queen Wilhelmina belongs to the Dutch Reformed Church, Dr. Colijn to the Reformed Church. Both are Calvinist, the only difference being that in the former different currents of theological opinion are allowed and in the latter not.

Then there is the Liberal Reformed Church, the League of Protestants, still more liberal; Association of Liberal Reformed Churches, the Apostolic Church, the Repaired Apostolic Church, the Episcopalian Church (high Church), the Walloon Church. I was told that the Remonstrants include many of the rich families. Lutherans, Mormons, Mennonites, Greek Orthodox, Norwegians, Swedes, all have their churches and members. Sea traffic between the Dutch East Indies and Holland necessitates a mosque in The Hague for the Muslims, and there are Buddhists also.

Radio in Holland is sectarian, Government control dividing the time available from two broadcasting stations between five associations, neutral, Protestant, Catholic, Liberal Protestant, and Labour.

With all these differences of opinion, of political and religious conviction, there is one point upon which the whole nation is agreed—that of bicycle-riding. There are 6,500,000 bicycles to Holland's 8,500,000 people, so that everyone must be a cyclist except the infants! Dutch cycle factories turn out about 183,000 new cycles every year, and millions of guldens' worth of replacement parts, tyres, etc.

Dr. Colijn, as one would expect from a peace-loving, liberty-loving Dutchman, has nothing good to say about war. I asked him whether he thought that war (except, of course, a war of defence) was ever justified by the fact that it rouses easy-living, irreligious, and possibly decadent people to a new sense of values, perspective, self-sacrifice, and spiritual awakening. His energetic reply was that he never knew of any war which had that effect. On the contrary, it tends to brutalise and demoralise a people, especially the younger ones.

Dr. Colijn shares the daily prayer of the other 8,499,999 Dutch in Holland, that their country may be allowed to remain neutral, which so far she has achieved at the occasional cost of turning the other cheek.

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HOLLAND'S LEADING STATESMAN

Dr. Hendrikus Colijn, who now has the difficult task of maintaining Holland's neutrality in the face of Nazi threats. He is seen above with his wife on the occasion of his seventieth birthday in June of last year

THE GUNS Keep WATCH on Britain's Shores

MANNING THE GUNS OF A COASTAL DEFENCE BATTERY

In peace-time we used to have a Coastguard of lonely watchers. Now the shores of Britain buzz with defence units of all kinds, amongst them the coastal defence gunners with their gun-pits and long-barrelled guns

SPOTTING SHELL PRACTICE THROUGH AN ORDINARY TELESCOPE

This young member of the defence battery is watching the results of practice firing; on his right is a handy searchlight-telescope combination ready for instant use at night

THE WEATHER IS BLEAK ON THE COAST AS THE MEN CARRY OUT FIRING PRACTICE

A woollen cap worn under the steel helmet is a great comfort during the biting cold. The ramrod squad, nearest the camera, are awaiting their cue to scour the gun after the shell has been fired

THE TASK OF KEEPING WATCH ON BRITAIN'S SHORES GOES ON NIGHT AND DAY

On the cliff top there may be A.R.P. listeners on the alert for invading aircraft; down nearer the shore there is this battery observation post gazing out to sea for any movement of ships—mercantile or otherwise

OF THE EIGHT MEN OF THIS GUN-TEAM, TWO ARE SIGHTING AND THREE LOADING THIS VERY USEFUL WEAPON—IT WOULD NOT BE WISE TO COME WITHIN THE THREE-MILE LIMIT

Not since the days of the repulse of the proud Spanish Armada has such a constant watch been set on our coast. Day and night, batteries of big guns are at the ready, while observers peer out to sea for signs of the enemy. These pictures were taken at a modern coastal battery which safeguards the North British coast. Each day the guns boom out at practice. Local residents are warned of time of firing, and keep their windows open to prevent smashed glass

THE GUNNERY STATIONS ALONG THE COAST ARE EXCELLENTLY EQUIPPED WITH MODERN INSTRUMENTS

The sergeant of this coastal defence battery is repor ing on the results of practice firing —he has a clever gadget which he controls in response to his visual observation

CHILDREN SAVE IRELAND'S FOLKLORE

COLLECTING LEGENDS: Irish school children who for the past eighteen months have been excused homework on condition that they visit the old folk in their neighbourhood and persuade them to tell fairy-tales and bits of local history

HUMOROUS ANECDOTE: An old sea-dog tells the children a whimsical maritime tale. These stories are recorded by the young listeners and sent to the Irish Folklore Commission in Dublin

FAIRY TALES BY THE THOUSAND: A member of the staff of the Irish Folklore Commission in University College, Dublin, examining some of the copy-books which come from all parts of the country. She has spent many hours reading, correcting and sorting out the legends and stories

AN ISLAND BARD: Seventy-five-year-old Patrick Hernon from the Isle of Aran. It is said that his songs and stories, now to be preserved in Eire, will live for ever

RUSTIC SONGSTRESS: Mary O'Connell, the last of Ireland's ballad singers, who has given the children of Munster much material. She tours villages singing old Irish songs

SCHOOL children are to give Ireland one of the world's largest folklore libraries. Sacks containing the first 6,000 copy-books full of legends, proverbs, and all kinds of folk tales are arriving at the headquarters of the Irish Folklore Commission in Dublin from schools throughout the country. The complete collection will contain 900,000 pages and will weigh more than 20 tons. School children in 4,800 schools have been collecting the material for the past eighteen months. Instead of doing homework they went from house to house, note-books in hand. Their work was corrected by the teachers. They persuaded old people to tell them fairy tales, superstitions, stories of hidden treasure, and bits of local history. The books are the first instalment of work done by the children as a sequel to an appeal through the Department of Education that fifth-standard pupils should be excused homework for a year. Instead, they must chat with old people in their localities, visit the villages and islands of the Gaeltacht (Irish-speaking districts) and jot down the poems, legends, and traditional prayers which the centenarians and near-centenarians rattle off in Ireland's native language.

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

LIFE IN A MODERN FACTORY SUBURB

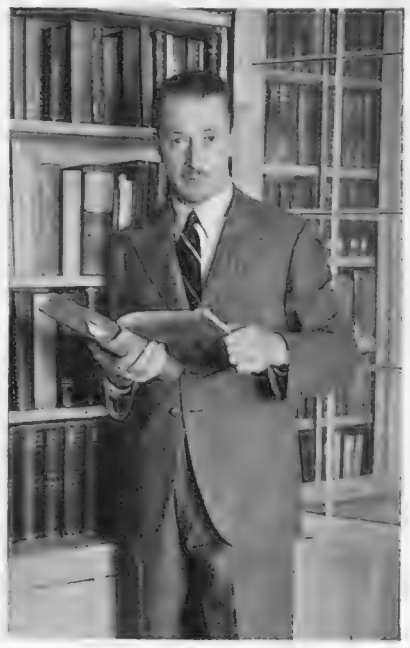
Mr. Hugh McGraw's Hilarious Novel; and Other Books of the Week

SOME years ago, when one spoke of the suburbs one meant those joyless and smug regions within daily reach of a city office. To-day there is a new type of suburb, newer even than the post-last-war "garden" suburb, and having its *raison d'être* in a group of factories, modern and glass-walled and ostensibly efficient. There is a band of such little towns round London, each one dissolving into the next and retaining none of the nineteenth-century characteristics which might distinguish one parish from another. Factories, and in the evening cinemas and olde Englishe hostelries, are the focal points of the life of such a place, and though romance may still bring up the nine-fifteen, it will be a solitary affair, for to-day's suburbanites work within walking distance of their own homes.

Mr. Hugh McGraw, in THE BOON COMPANIONS (Heinemann. 8s. 3d.) announces himself as the chronicler of this type of existence, and if we are to believe his gay and inconsequent dissertation we shall all be moving out from the cities and in from the country to that Middle Land which his wit has peopled with characters benign or sinister, but invariably comic.

The young engineer who is Mr. McGraw's hero and has, like every young engineer one has had the privilege of meeting, a very remarkable invention of his own, is a likeable creature and it is through his inquiring nature that a succession of surprising and frivolous events take place. The manager of the firm by whom he is employed is a timid little man with a deep distrust of budgets and fresh air, and under his rule the factory is as cheerfully disorganised as country house theatricals, though it lacks, on second thoughts, the element of bitterness which is always present in those functions.

Stephen Mallow, besides his positively revolutionary invention—it's a turbine; Mr. McGraw explains that they always are—has a disposition to ask awkward questions and an eye for a pretty face. His adventures in the thriving community of Chelling soon become both involved and hilarious, and the story is as funny as anything I have read since the inimitable Wodehouse's last work.



ANTIQUE DEALER AND WRITER: Mr. Philip Hughes, who was originally an antique dealer, made his name as a novelist a few years ago with *Together*, the story which ran into eleven editions. His new novel, *Wild Honey*, is reviewed on this page

I entered a little dubiously on a study of Mr. Philip Hughes' WILD HONEY (Collins. 7s. 6d.) which, although not a book for children, begins with the ominous words: "Little Pamela lived in a normous house," and goes on to prate prettily of fairies and goblins and a Nannie who was "too lovely. She belonged, of course, to the fairies. Nannie knew that the sunbeams on the pink nursery carpet came from them, and would sit beside her catching the beams, like warm pearls in the palms of her hands. . . There were rubies and nemeralds behind the water-bottle (they got rather hot to hold) and great swords of them down the sloped edge of the mirror, all fresh from fairyland. . . ."

After that I skipped a little, by which I do not mean that I left the ground in a series of short bounds, though that might have suited the mood of the book, but that I turned over a number of pages and tried my luck farther on. Here things were more normal and Pamela, who had by that time reached her teens and a degree of sense, was engaged in a number of adventures which had as a purpose the earning of money.

Mr. Hughes has been described as the pre ordained successor to W. J. Locke, and that may be; there is, naturally enough, a demand nowadays for the literature of escape, and I suppose that one should beware of an over-eagerness to criticise it, just as one must be tolerant of the cheerfully inane state of the theatre at this moment. This novel, however, can only be recommended with any confidence to those whose reading taste is as light as gossamer and as transient.

Mr. Neil Bell's new novel, NOT A SPARROW FALLS (Collins. 8s. 6d.), is a very different affair with a more serious, though not a more weighty purpose, and the great difference of being from the first word to the last an integral whole, planned completely before a word of it was written. In his characteristic note Mr. Bell says, "Little more than a generation ago the lives of the average men and women of the world, from birth to death, were ordered, in the main, by merely local influences—the parish pump, the town hall.

"To-day, those lives are like receiving-sets tuned in, willy-nilly, to all the broadcasting stations of the earth, so that something said or done in Peru, or the United States, or China, on Monday, will by Wednesday have affected (calamitously or joyously, but overwhelmingly) Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jones of Surbiton, England, and a hundred million others of their type throughout the civilised world."

With that premise Mr. Bell sets out to tell the story of one Barney Crane from his ebullient boyhood, rather handy with the gloves in school boxing competitions and with a high, sweet voice in the school choir, through his worthy and undistinguished young manhood to his temporary fame as the singing boxer (and vice versa), and his sudden eclipse. In the career of this young man, unremarkable except for a sugary tenor and a devastating right hook, are reflected all the contemporary events that have led to September, 1939.

He has a championship fight in Vienna, and is wounded in the street fighting on the day that Dollfuss was left to die in the chancellery. The woman he loves is killed by a stray bomb which falls on her ambulance in Abyssinia, and his wife's employer is shot on the night of the Reichstag fire. Occasionally, as is perhaps inevitable in a book of this type, the characters show a rather irritating omniscience, as when Hitler's rise to power is discussed and Mussolini's future predicted with incredible accuracy by a couple of pleasant but homekeeping little Englishmen.

But you will enjoy this book, as I did, for its soundness and for its good story.

Mr. Leslie Melville, who has translated M. Robert Boucard's THE SECRET SERVICES OF EUROPE (Stanley Paul. 16s.), says with commendable good sense in his foreword that "there has probably been more nonsense written about spies and spying than about any other aspect of war."

Spies who have been caught in real life, he further maintains, have given themselves away by their own monumental stupidity, and he instances the case of the three men who landed at Marseilles with one small suitcase between them. "Wouldn't the French like to know what's in it?" they said as they climbed into a taxi, whereupon the Marius who was driving conducted them neatly to a police station and their exploits were at an end.

Similarly, before the last war a German officer was boasting to an English friend about his country's efficiency, and particularly of the brilliant methods of its espionage organisation. "Why, it's so thorough," he said, "that we even know the Christian names of every postmaster and postmistress in the British Isles, so that when we invade you we shall immediately be able to take over the postal service without a single hitch."

The Englishman was much impressed, or so the story runs. "How on earth do you manage that?" he asked.

"We bought a copy of your *Post Office Guide*, price sixpence," answered the German.

But to come from the apocryphal to the true, M. Boucard has many excellent stories of espionage to tell. Nearly twenty-five years ago he was serving under Admiral Sir Reginald Hall in the famous "Mixed Bureau" and his activities did not end with the Armistice. Since then he has kept in touch with many of the spies he knew and with counter-espionage agents, and he has an extremely interesting chapter on spies at Versailles, in the treaty-making days.

Paragraphs consisting only of neat lines of dots occur from time to time, showing where the firm hand of the censor has rested, but what is left makes lively reading and certainly gives an impression of authenticity.

France Honours British Military Chiefs

General Gamelin last week decorated General Lord Gort, Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Force, and General Sir Edmund Ironside, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, with the insignia of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour at a ceremony which took place at general headquarters in the British sector. On parade were detachments of Welsh Guards and a famous regiment of Zouaves. Left to right are seen—General Ironside, General Gamelin, General Georges of the French Army, and General Lord Gort at the march past

GENERAL GAMELIN EMBRACES LORD GORT AFTER THE CEREMONY IN THE CHATEAU GARDEN

Both Lord Gort and Sir Edmund Ironside were saluted in this customary French manner. *Below*—Sir Edmund is seen being given the *accolade*

General Gamelin, standing on the specially sanded space, said in a clear voice, "In the name of the President of the French Republic I have the honour to raise you to the dignity of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour"

THE NEW AIR COMMAND

Air Marshal A. S. Barratt has been made Air Officer Commanding in Chief of the British Forces in France

MR. CHURCHILL WAS THE ONLY BRITISH CIVILIAN TAKING PART

The First Lord, who was present at the function illustrated above, was much impressed with the preparedness of the British Front

"BEHIND THE SCHEMES"

A scene from G. H. Grimaldi's comedy satire at the Shaftesbury Theatre on newspaper publicity. The *Daily Quiver* offers among its prizes a bride (Nancy O'Neill) who is seen above being revived by the Editor's secretary (Jane Sykes) and the copy-writer (Peter Glenville)

COMEDY TRIO

Jane Sykes, who takes the part of Irene Phillips, the secretary, Hubert Woodward, the photographer with a prodigious memory for faces, and Ronald Shiner as the Cockney assistant in *Behind the Schemes*

THE FIRST PLAY ON NUDISM

The Bare Idea, Gordon Sherry's daring farce at the Comedy Theatre, is the first of its kind on this subject. From left to right—Roddy Hughes (as the Mayor), Ellen Pollock (as Mrs. Foster) and James Dale (as Mr. Merridew)

PASSED FOR PUBLICATION

Jill Henley (Nancy O'Neill) is introduced to the members of the advertising staff of the newspaper to be "boosted" as a prize bride to the lucky winner of a competition. This amusing satire on the inner workings of a publicity department of a newspaper is being well received at the Shaftesbury Theatre

PHILIP PAGE on the THEATRE

"Behind the Schemes" at the Shaftesbury —A Farce on Nudism at the Comedy

DO the public like to be introduced, for entertainment purposes, to the inner workings of certain professions and to see the wheels go round? The answer is that obviously they do, particularly in the case of (i) the theatre and (ii) the newspaper world. It is true that few, if any, plays, except *Pagliacci* and *Trelawney of the Wells*, about actors and actresses have been a success: but the films have been full for years of back-stage stuff.

Plays about newspapers have been attempted, on the other hand, by most dramatists, quite eminent ones among them, with good results in most cases, and the film world is full of dramas and comedies concerning love-lorn reporters, harassed editors, and people who rush about a newspaper office in shirt-sleeves, wearing eye-shades and waving galley-proofs, and shouting into telephones with a fierce expression. In a good many years spent, or mis-spent, in such offices I have never yet encountered such scenes, or anything like them—no paper could ever be produced at all amid such melodramatic pandemonium. But the film public gobble it up, and all is well.

Mr. Grimaldi's play *Behind the Schemes* at the Shaftesbury Theatre is about a newspaper. It does not pretend to be realistic, which the author, with his professional experience, would have been able to make it, had he wished to do so. He has deliberately chosen to be fantastical, and with considerable effect. His main idea is wholly admirable and few farces have had so good a theme.

The story is of a great daily newspaper (I don't think it can be *The Times*) whose peer-proprietor is raging at the falling circulation and advertisement revenue and who threatens awful things to certain members of his staff if something is not done about it. So the man in charge of the boosting activities gets busy, and his department evolves—"thinks up" is, I believe, the expression—a new competition.

That this has something to do with cricket is neither important nor original, but the first prize offered is both. For the winner is to receive a large lump of money, a bungalow and a beauteous bride. This bride is chosen by the paper for her good looks and is carefully groomed and publicised in every possible way. (I recall something very like this happening in the matter of a real newspaper, only the girl was prepared, not for marriage but for film-stardom.) What more natural, and more amusing, than that lovely damsel should be won by a man with a paunch and a bald head and a Leeds accent, and that she should jib at marrying this oaf, particularly since she has fallen in love with a good-looking young reporter and he with her?

The author hits on a reasonably amusing solution and the process provides, on the whole, plenty of fun. I do not think it is Mr. Grimaldi's fault that it does not provide more. At the first performance his play struck me as suffering from a lack of that slick direction which every farce must have, and it was allowed to move too slowly. Also, there was some unwise casting and one notably poor piece of acting in a rather important part. But that fine actor, Mr. Franklyn Dyall, with no opportunity whatever to be saturnine, showed his usual skill as the man in charge of this newspaper "stunt," and Miss Nancy O'Neill was far more than merely charming as the heroine—or victim—of it.

"The Bare Idea."—To give a play about nudism the above title was quite a bright notion. Unfortunately this is about the only thing that I found bright in this farce at the Comedy Theatre. The first act showed some little promise which, alas, was not fulfilled, and the last act, which developed into an undressing competition or strip-tease act *en masse*, was one of the most depressing I have known in any theatre for quite a while. Why these unfortunate people had to undress—the process was, of course, not completed—I neither know nor care; the plot was so complicated that the brain would reel under any attempts to comprehend it, were it worth comprehending.

And there need not be any notion that this semi-stripping was in the least a naughty-but-nice affair or in any degree exciting—unless, that is to say, members of the local Town Council and other middle-age males fumbling with collar-studs and slipping braces over their shoulders can provide such excitement. I am told that for one swift moment some members of the audience (I was in an end stall and missed it) caught sight of a portion—quite an innocuous portion—of an apparently naked female through a window up-stage.

It is certain that at times a bunch of uncommonly shapely and quite silent girls appeared in bathing dresses, as did pretty Miss Iris March and pretty Miss Valerie Tudor, who had parts, of sorts, to play, and played 'em well. For the rest, Miss Ellen Pollock strove pluckily, if rather archly, to make a scheming married woman amusing, with the odds heavily against her; Mr. James Dale did what he could with a puritanical town councillor; Mr. Oliver Gordon put in conscientious work as a parson dressed as a boy scout; and Mr. Eric Cowley constantly applied himself to a "property" whisky decanter. Had it been a real one I would not have blamed him.

SHOWS TO CHEER YOU UP

HIPPODROME	"Black Velvet"
HOLBORN EMPIRE	"Haw-Haw!"
PALACE	"Under Your Hat"
PRINCES	"Shephard's Pie"
QUEEN'S	"All Clear Revue"
SAVILLE	"Runaway Love"

EXODUS IN FINLAND

Mothers and Children Move from Town and Village to Escape the Enemy on Land and in Air

Mother and child have fled from the enemy in the far north. Many refugees found safety across the Norwegian frontier at Kirkenes

A Lapp mother and her children escape on a sledge from Ivalo in the north. Others have escaped to Sweden by way of Haparanda at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia

Another little family make a trek to safety from the dangers of war. *On right*—Changing her little daughter's clothes after arriving in Norway

Boarding a bus in a northerly town to gain a place of greater safety

Finland, like all other countries in recent warfare, has had its sad tales of exodus. From both ends of the land there has been retreat before the invader. In the case of Finland it has been remarkably orderly. The most dramatic sights were to be seen in the vicinity of Helsinki itself after some of the major raids. Thousands of refugees poured out of the city, seeking points in some cases fifty miles away where they could find shelter. They staggered along the high roads with their children in pitiable plight. Women and boys trudged along, carrying bundles of necessaries and blankets. Some lucky ones left by car or bus.

A letter from Helsinki records the gratitude towards the Swedes who have collected big sums for the relief of refugees and especially for the children. "They seem to understand as well as ourselves that it is unthinkable that these helpless little things should be left to face invasion and bombardments. This, of course, concerns the children. With regard to the adults, I am sure there never were calmer and less alarmed war-time civilians."

Carrying a wounded baby to a dressing station at Rovaniemi. The Finnish babies in their winter garb would move the heart of a stone

A FOREST ENCAMPMENT AMONG THE SLENDER PINES WITH SLEDGE TRANSPORT HORSES UPON WHICH THE FINNS WISELY AND VERY LARGELY DEPEND. THE RUSSIANS HAVE RELIED TO A GREAT EXTENT ON PETROL-DRIVEN VEHICLES

A CANVAS-ROOFED HUT IN THE FOREST IS THE BASE FROM WHICH THE SCOUTS WORK

This hut is typical of hundreds which dot the forests. A fire is being built of split pine logs. One comes across squared clearances among the trees, for the forests, mostly national, are scientifically cut for timber—in striking contrast to the wasteful demolition which is evident across the Finnish frontier

THE FOREST GLADES of CENTRAL FINLAND: Where Icy Winter Kills the Unwary

PATROL OF FOREST SCOUTS AWAIT INSTRUCTIONS AT THE HUT HEADQUARTERS

The Finnish forces have to battle with the cold as much as the enemy which they have been outwitting. Every effort is made to keep them well supplied with provisions. Correspondents record how they have been received with cups of steaming coffee at these forest guard points

We are enabled to give on this double page a set of pictures illustrating the forest conditions of Central Finland. They were taken by a staff photographer of one of the leading London photographic agencies (Planet News). *The position photographed was being temporarily occupied as a military post. The views give a good idea of the craggy and stunted pine forests" (as one correspondent describes them) in which the Finns have been making such wonderful counter attacks upon advancing Russian forces. There are no huge boles visible in any of the photographs we have seen, making the problem of taking cover more difficult than some first accounts from Finland might have given one to suppose. Add to that as darkness falls at 2.30 in the afternoon the number of tree trunks, plus the gloom of the Arctic night, must prove effectively baffling to the inexperienced Russians.*

One correspondent describes coming upon a camouflaged tent, invisible a few feet away. Such tents have been the only living quarters of most of the fighters in the northern areas. With the coming of January a period of intense cold set in accompanied by blizzards, a condition of weather for which the Finns had prayed. In this forest terrain, tanks and indeed all mechanised vehicles have been at a great disadvantage.

Deep in the forest one comes occasionally upon a lonely farm-house, deserted by its owners, which has been converted into a field hospital. In the higher-latitude forests the silence of the bitter nights is intense, and among the motionless trees there is no movement of animal life. In the moonlight the snow turns to a blueish shade, creating a picture of weird beauty. Then when the wind rises, it howls among the slender pines, and the drifting fragments of ice choke and finally cover the wounded where they fall. The conditions have been terrible for any living being, but the Finns would not have had it otherwise.

A white-painted staff car arrives by the forest road. *On right*—Sleighs and mobile kitchens on sledge runners are usual sights

A NEW ARTERIAL: A view of the cross roads formed by the new Winchester by-pass, which is to be opened this month, and the Winchester–Portsmouth Road. Traffic lights have already been installed at the crossing

NEW LIGHTS FOR LONDON'S BLACK-OUT: Cross roads at Aldgate East are now equipped with these powerful lamps after the searchlight style to aid motorists and pedestrians to see their way on extra dark and foggy nights

A SHIPYARD IN A FRONT GARDEN: Mr. Thomas Robson of Harrogate, assisted by his wife and children, is building a 9-ton yacht in the front garden of his house. The yacht, which is nearing completion, is intended to give many happy days to the owner and his family when the war is over

EQUIPPING THE ARMY: On the outbreak of war the entire resources of many motor factories were turned over to production for the Ministry of Supply. The change-over from passenger car production was achieved in a remarkably short time. Above is seen a day's output about to leave a factory

TRAIN TRAVAIL

The Chaotic Conditions Now Existing on the Railways Will Make Many Motorists Wish They Had Relicensed Their Cars

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E. (Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

MANY motorists, I fear, purposely omitted to relicense their cars at the beginning of the year. If by doing so they have been compelled to use the railways I am prepared to bet large sums of money that even by now they are assailed by second thoughts that their action was wrong. For about three days whilst my car was having a new carburettor fitted to it I travelled many short journeys by train, but I have had sufficient experience during that period to convince me that I shall not try to do without a car and will hang on to it until there is no money left to run it. It is not so much that the car is a luxury but on account of the impossible conditions prevailing at the moment on our railways.

Not so long ago the public were asked to give the railways a square deal and so far as my memory goes their requests were granted, but now after a lapse of only a few months they, in their turn, are not offering the public anything like a square deal. To start with, I found that on occasions the trains were late, even starting from the terminus; there are fewer of them, and those that do run are apparently scheduled to stop at stations which, in peace-time, they passed through. One result of this curtailed service is overloaded trains. On one journey I found myself in a compartment which did not even have a dim blue light, and there were so many people packed into it that a number of passengers sat on the knees of their fellow sufferers whilst a third batch stood on the remaining floor space.

On another occasion there was such a queue of people waiting to buy their tickets that if I had not rushed past the ticket collector at the door without a ticket I should have missed the train. Had I been compelled to spend an evening in London I would have found that my last train left the London terminus at 9.45 p.m. In spite of all these inconveniences and many more I have not mentioned, fares have been raised to such an extent that motoring, at least on a small car, is cheaper.

If other people's experiences have been similar to mine I feel convinced that before long many of the cars that have been laid up will be brought out for use once more. If the owner's income has been so affected that it is impossible to run his big car then a smaller one should be purchased. Such a change over should be carried out without unnecessary delay because the price of cars is definitely going to increase. In fact, in some cases this has already taken place. In peace-time, depreciation would probably be the biggest single item in the owner's running costs, but to-day I doubt if an owner will lose any of his original outlay for many years If, as I predict, there is a discernible return to the road, the railways will only have themselves to blame.

Not so long ago I drew the attention of the authorities in these notes to the need of devising some distinctive lighting system to be attached to islands during the black-out hours. In many places these islands have been removed by the authorities simply because they have been knocked about so frequently by cars in the darkness that their cost of upkeep was becoming alarming. Now I notice, at least in the City of Westminster, the islands are marked by a lamp showing a white diagonal cross. The few nights I have driven round the West End show me that this distinctive indication is definitely good and if the plan is extended throughout the country I do not think there will be any further necessity to remove more islands. After all, no motorist wishes to risk his neck or to damage his car by striking a solid structure such as an island and if this white cross light indicates to him immediately the existence and the exact position of such an obstruction he will not hit it.

Talking of lights reminds me that in some parts we are given what are now becoming known as "starlight" street lamps. These are certainly of definite help to pedestrians and whatever helps pedestrians indirectly helps motorists because the former in such places now find that they can get along the pavements in comparative safety without using electric torches. Anything which restricts the use of these torches by pedestrians helps the motorist because far too frequently the light is flashed in the motorist's eyes, resulting in a dangerous dazzle effect. I also find that the "starlight" lamps do give a faint indication as to whether the road runs straight or curves in the distance but I have also discovered that the illumination provided is not sufficiently good to allow a driver to turn off his shielded headlamp.

The official shields on headlamps have to be fitted by January 22. Let us hope that this decision indicates that after the lapse of a short period of grace the police will get busy and deal effectively with the owners of cars the lamps of which do not conform with all the official lighting regulations. It is the unobscured sidelamp, particularly on commercial vehicles where it is placed high up, that seriously dazzles the unfortunate drivers whose own cars are fitted with legal lights.

Few owners to-day, if they are studying petrol consumption, drive really quickly. So far as I am concerned, I rarely exceed 40 m.p.h., with the result that my speedometer has become almost useless. Its place might well be taken by two small different coloured lamps on the dashboard, one of which would indicate when I exceed 30 m.p.h. and the other 40 m.p.h. What we all would like to know is how many miles to the gallon the car is covering at any given moment. In other words, a special type of flowmeter would be useful.

With a certain amount of trouble and a few exercises in mental arithmetic, we can ascertain after covering a sufficient distance the exact number of miles we are doing to the gallon but if we had a flowmeter to take the place of the speedometer on the dashboard we could tell at a glance, for instance, if we were using more petrol by dropping into a lower gear on a hill which in the ordinary way we would take on top. In fact, with such an instrument in front of my eyes I could spend many a happy day experimenting and I think in a very short time its cost would be equalled by the amount of money we would save on petrol in any one year.

The retail motor trade is now facing a critical time. There are not so many cars on the road and even those that are running about do not require so much petrol as they did in peace-time owing to the rationing of fuel. Several garages have closed down and it may be that the number will increase. Many people, however, imagine that the various small repair shops should be turned over to the production of munitions and by so doing the proprietors and the workpeople would probably be better off than ever before.

The Motor Trade War Executive inform me that garage equipment is not of the type suited to repetition production and that to obtain delivery of suitable plant would not only take probably twelve months under prevailing conditions but would be extremely expensive to buy and install. Bearing that in mind, it is difficult to believe, but the War Executive tell me, that the Royal Army Service Corps and the Royal Army Ordnance Corps are in some cases actually setting up repair shops in districts where there are competent motor traders with service stations standing practically idle. This seems a perfect waste of public money and entails unnecessary delay to the two corps concerned.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

In the Royal and Merchant Navies to-day there are many Officers who received their early training for a sea life in the Training Ship *Arethusa*. This Society regularly receives letters from Old Boys, saying that they owe their present positions to their early life spent on the *Arethusa*. The *Arethusa* is still training poor boys to become good sailors, but donations and legacies are urgently needed to carry on this most important work. In the Society's Homes poor boys and girls are constantly being maintained and trained. Altogether, there are 1,165 poor children who constantly need your help. Please send donations to the Headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, from which address they will be gratefully acknowledged.

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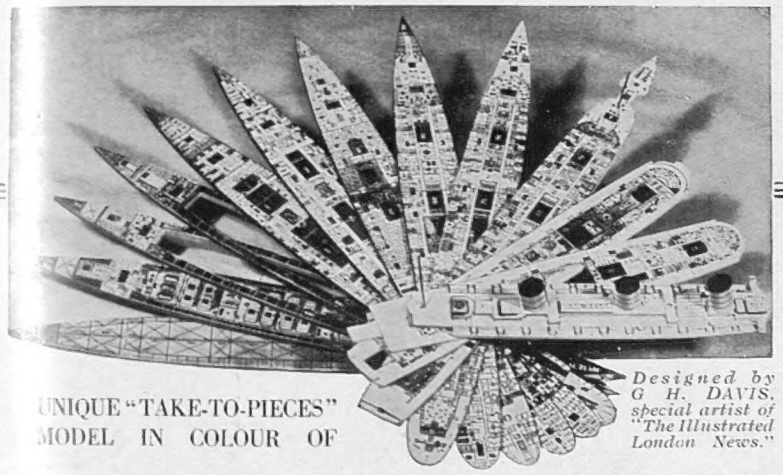

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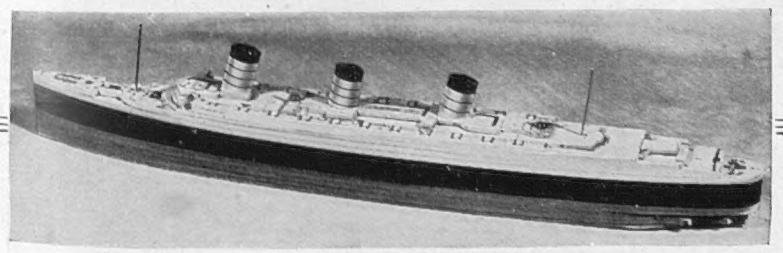

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Two Pleasant Discoveries for the New Year

THE new year has started well for me as regards "hotel discoveries." In the first weeks I have, with all the pride of the collector, added two rare specimens to my collection and I pride them the more because they will help me in that daily poser which is now being put to me, "Where can we winter this year and keep warm?"

The first of my 1940 discoveries lies on the edge of the New Forest, about 10 miles from Bournemouth; neither too exposed nor yet shut in.

Beech House Hotel, Bransgore, near Christchurch, Hants (for such is the postal address), is run entirely on the lines of a private country house. A long two-storied building, it looks the part as one drives up to the front door, wanders around the grounds, or crossing the road wends one's way down through lanes of rhododendron bushes to the lake. Here on a springlike January morning I have memories of verdant lawns, a magnificent Spanish oak, cedars and other fine trees, an audacious pheasant and one of the most peaceful spots on earth—the lake.

But it is as one steps inside that one senses the real efficiency of a wonderful home. Books, heaps of them. Coal fires blazing in the grates. Variegated foliage from the forest, whilst flowers are scarce. Capacious chairs and Chesterfields with downy cushions. Antique furniture, each a chosen piece to help complete a country home.

I arrived at 11 in the morning, intending to stop but half an hour but I left at 2 p.m., and only then with extreme reluctance. In the same way people drift in there for a night and stay for weeks. I put it down to the consciousness of continuous contentment. There is just nothing that one can grouse about. The bedrooms are as livable as the downstairs. The cooking and food is as varied as it is appetising and those who stay and live at Beech House are as enthusiastic about their country home as the resident owners, Mr. N. Ridley Shield and Mr. A. A. Kadler (Swiss). I shall find an excuse to revisit Beech House, and soon.

And now for my second find. This time on a January day of real climatic discomforts. The rain had for some time graduated from drops to sheets. The wind was at gale force and those who have travelled the coast road from Torcross to Slapton Sands will appreciate my fears that I would be engulfed by the sea and find myself in the fresh fishery waters of Slapton Ley.

At the Slapton Inn I espied a board, "The Manor House Hotel, open to non-residents." Through the garden gate I battled my way across the lawn but once across the threshold I stepped into an environment of tranquil luxury. Solidly built and happily furnished and decorated, the sun seemed to be shining within, whilst the storm blew on without.

In the lounge, dining and other public rooms there was a feeling of cosy warmth. No stuffiness. No whining of the wind. Just the crackling of clear, bright fires, and yet in spite of weather conditions, one could visualise the sunshine after the storm, the view over the blue waters of Start Bay. One knew from the profusion of sub-tropical plants that I had but come on a day which proved the exception to the general rule. It is a place for the lovers of quiet content and especially those who are fond of outdoor sport. There's good rough shooting and trout fishing to be had. Sea fishing direct from the shore or boats. Three golf courses close to hand and plenty of riding, and yet if you don't care for any of these things, there's the sunshine of a full south aspect, a sunny lounge, and a good book and always the assurance of a comfortable bed and good cooking.

On the personal side Mr. and Mrs. Heard have travelled many roads before you. They have experienced the tribulations of living in hotels as well as sampling their satisfaction. Thus at the Manor House Hotel there's without any doubt that sense of hospitality born of understanding.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Mrs. T., Caversham.—I was very interested to have your inquiry of the 8th, although I am sorry you did not give any indication as regards terms, as it always makes it more difficult to fix anybody. Without any hesitation I would endorse your idea about the Sussex Downs, because there are several very excellent hotels about 10 miles from the sea. The first hotel I would suggest is the Findon Manor Hotel, Findon, which lies back about 4 miles behind Worthing. The advantage of Findon Manor is that the riding stables are almost next door to the hotel as far as I can remember. Alternative suggestions are Sleepy Hollow, near Storrington, Chequers at Pulborough, and another excellent hotel, the Roundabout Hotel, near Storrington.

R. E. W., Cheshire.—I was glad to hear from you, and here's to wish you all the best of luck wherever the fortunes of war may take you. As regards Aldershot, the only decent billet I know in the neighbourhood is Lismoyne Hotel at Fleet, run by Miss Underwood. It is very popular, so whether there is room there or not I do not know.

Mrs. G., London, W.8.—The names and addresses of the hotels I recommended to you are as follows: Sidmouth, Cedar Shade, a very superior type of guest house hotel, run by a Mrs. Lund; and at Bournemouth, Hinton Firs, an hotel of the country-house type off the East Cliff. As regards a London hotel, a smallish one where the food is most excellent is the Dorset Square Hotel, near Baker Street (Mrs. G. Burlingham). Or if you want a larger one and more central, the Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park Corner.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.

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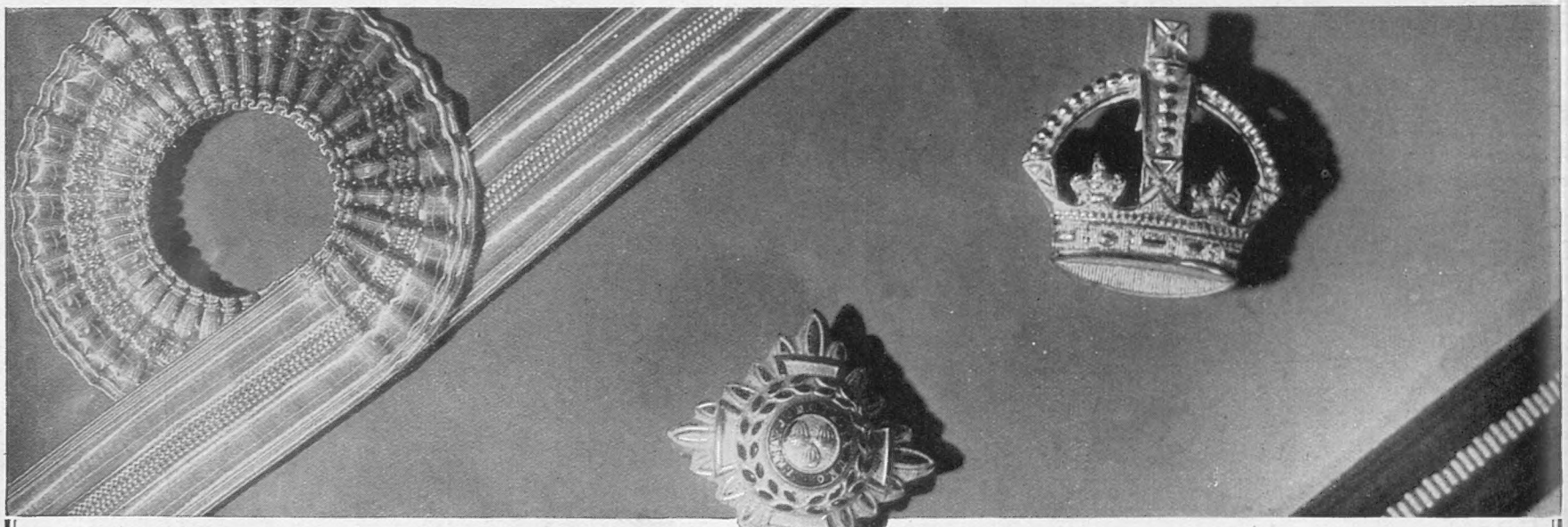
It is interesting to learn from Messrs. Frederick Warne and Co., Ltd., that the famous Kate Greenaway books have still a great appeal, and that they are obtainable with the illustrations printed in the original coloured woodcut method. The illustrations reproduced in THE SPHERE Christmas Number were ascribed to Messrs. Routledge, the original publishers of the Kate Greenaway volumes from whom the copyrights were acquired by Messrs. Warne, the present publishers of the Greenaway books.



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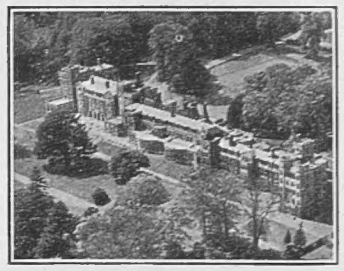

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. & R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle.—Welltown Manor Guest Hse. Tel. 17.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Hinton Firs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chagford (Devon).—Easton Court.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold Hse. Htl. Tel. 330
Droitwich.—Raven Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exmouth.—Maer Bay Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Paignton.—Palace Hotel. A.A.****
Paignton.—Ravenswood. Cliff Road.
Paignton.—Redcliffe Hotel.
Plympton (nr. Plymouth).—Elfordleigh Hotel.
Pulborough (Sussex).—Lodge Hill Hotel.
Ross-on-Wye.—Mount Craig Hotel.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Shaftesbury (Dorset).—Coombe House Hotel.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Sidmouth.—Cedar Shade Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Washington (Sussex).—Clematis Cottage Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Dorset Square Hotel. Off Baker St., N.W.1.
S. Kensington Htl. Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
United Services Hotel, S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.

WALES

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